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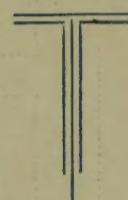
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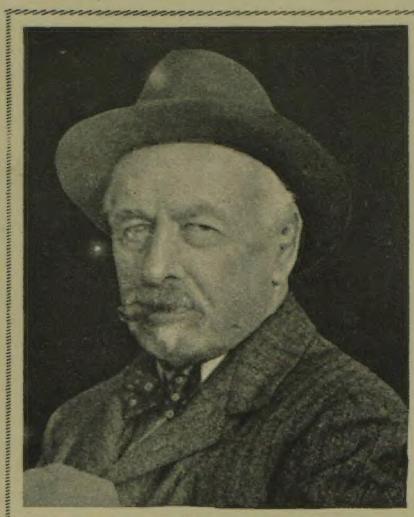
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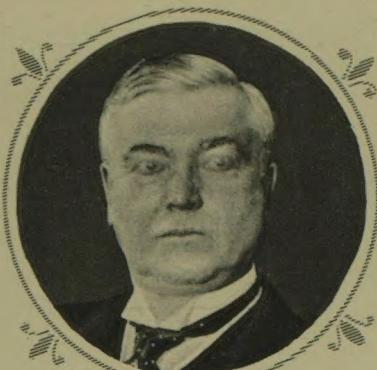


PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.

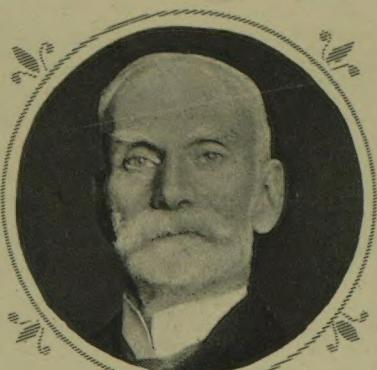
PHOTOGRAPHS BY HOPKINS, P. AND A. C.P. CLICHOEK S. AND G., RUSSELL, BARRATT I.B., AND ELLIOTT AND FRY; THE EASTMAN PORTRAIT BY LUBOSHEZ.



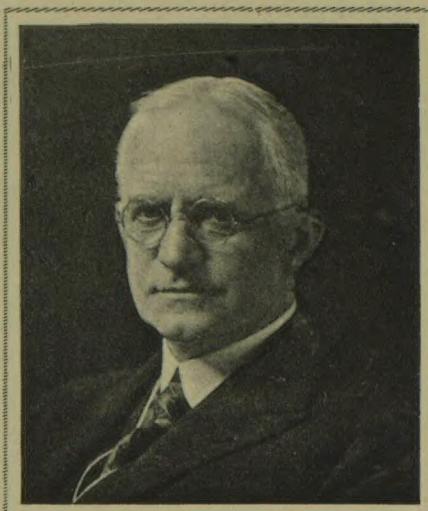
HEAD OF THE ROYAL RACING STABLES : THE LATE LORD MARCUS BERESFORD.



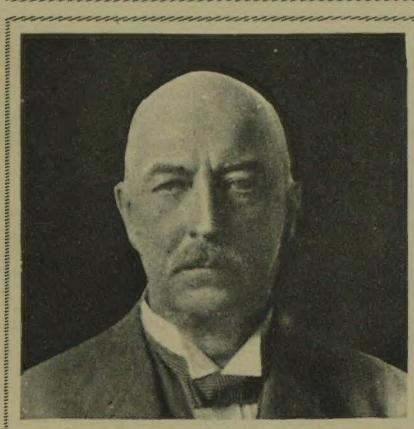
A VISITOR TO LONDON: THE HON. RODOLPHE LEMIEUX.



DEPUTY COMMISSIONER OF POLICE : MR. J. W. OLIVE, C.B.E.



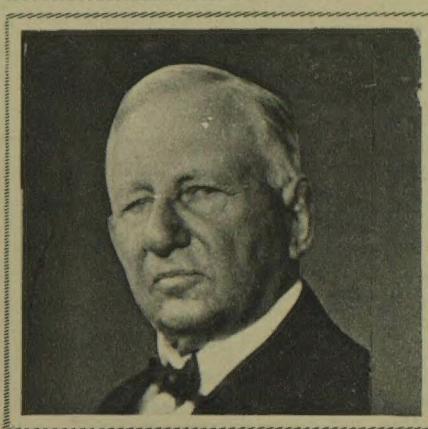
DONOR OF THE EASTMAN THEATRE : MR. GEORGE EASTMAN, OF "KODAK."



ASSASSINATED ON DECEMBER 16 : M. NARUTOWICZ, PRESIDENT OF POLAND.



PLEADING FOR CANADIAN INDIANS: CHIEF WHITE ELK (DR. TEEWANNA).



A GREAT SELF-MADE MERCHANT : THE LATE MR. JOHN WANAMAKER.



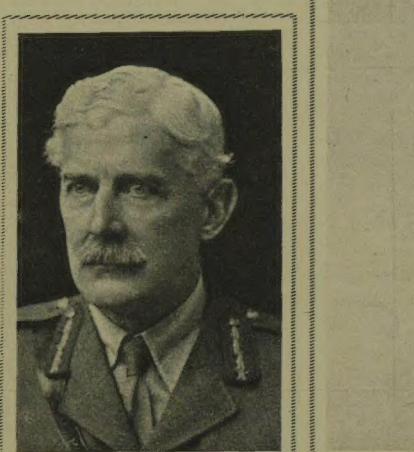
PERMANENT LORD-IN-WAITING TO THE KING : THE LATE LORD ANNALY.



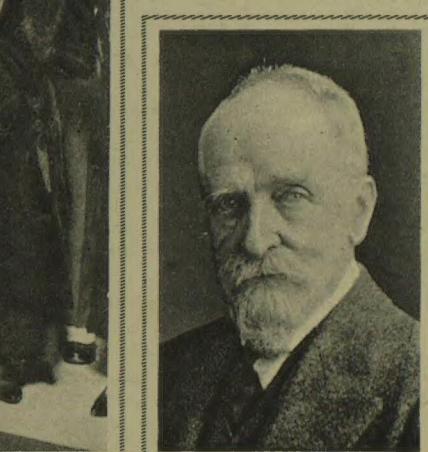
THE OPENING OF THE LADY LEVER ART GALLERY, AT PORT SUNLIGHT: H.R.H. PRINCESS BEATRICE AND VISCOUNT LEVERHULME.



A LABOUR M.P. DEAD : THE LATE MR. JOHN N. BELL.



KILLED IN A CAR ACCIDENT : THE LATE GEN. HARPER.



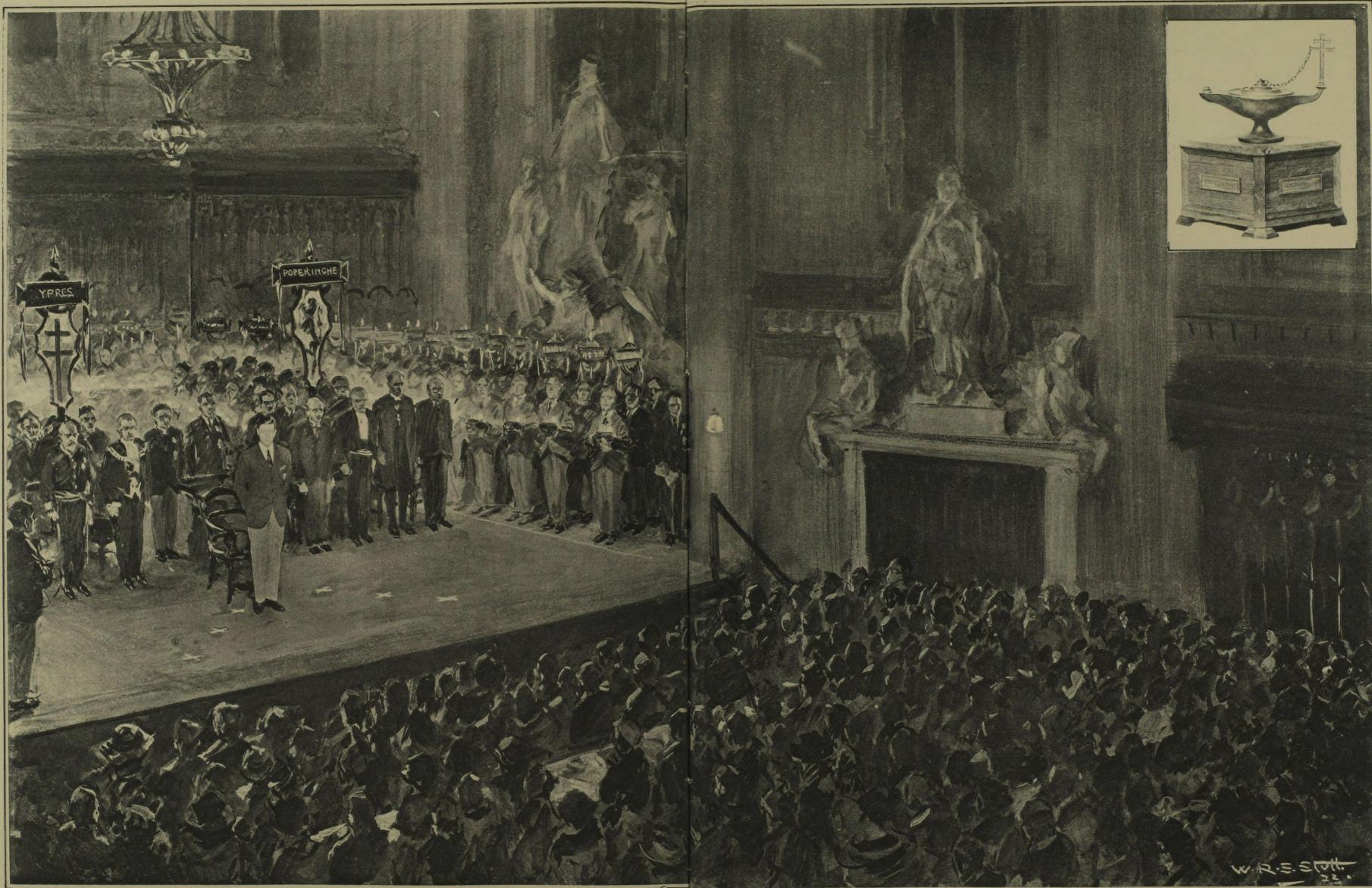
A COURT PAINTER : THE LATE MR. SYDNEY P. HALL.

Lord Marcus Beresford, Extra Equerry to the King and Manager of his Majesty's racing stables, was found dead in bed on December 16, at his St. James's Street flat. He had suffered from heart trouble for some time. He was born on December 25, 1843, fourth son of the fourth Marquess of Waterford.—The Hon. Rodolphe Lemieux, K.C., became Speaker of the Canadian House of Commons early this year.—Mr. J. W. Olive, appointed to the new post of Deputy Commissioner of the Metropolitan Police, was originally a constable. He is also an Assistant Commissioner.—The remarkable Eastman Theatre is illustrated on page 1035 of this issue.—M. Gabriel Narutowicz had only been President of Poland (the first) for a week when he was assassinated. He was shot dead while at the National Art Gallery, Warsaw.—The American Indian Chief White Elk, otherwise Dr. Teeawanna of Vancouver, British Columbia, is here

to plead the cause of better education for the 284,000 Indians of the Dominion of Canada. He is an M.A. of Yale, and a Ph.D., and holds medical degrees.—Mr. Wanamaker founded the famous American stores bearing his name.—Lord Annaly was Permanent Lord-in-Waiting to the King, and a well-known sportsman, formerly Master of the Pytchley.—Mr. J. N. Bell was returned for the East Division of Newcastle at the recent General Election.—Sir George Harper was G.O.C., Southern Command. During the war, he held various commands, including the 51st Division.—Viscount Leverhulme has added to his many benefactions by presenting an Art Gallery to Port Sunlight, in memory of his wife, who died in 1913. The King laid the foundation stone in 1914.—Mr. Sydney Prior Hall was known for his paintings of Court ceremonies. He was also the illustrator of "Tom Brown's School-Days."

WITH THE LAMPS OF MAINTENANCE LIT BY THE PRINCE OF WALES: THE TOC H. "SILENCE OF REMEMBRANCE."

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, W. R. S. STOTT.



BARRIE'S LEAGUE OF YOUTH REALISED: THE PRINCE OF WALES AT THE EIGHTH

The great brotherhood known as "Toc H." (the military signal designation of the famous Talbot House, a rest-hut at Poperinghe behind the Ypres line) held its eighth birthday festival at the Guildhall on December 15. The Prince of Wales lit for the first time the Lamps of Maintenance presented to delegates from fifty branches of the Society representing many towns and schools. The delegations, with their lamps, banners and petitions, formed three sides of a hollow square on the platform, those from Poperinghe, Ypres, and Winnipeg being especially cheered. Among those present were the Bishops of Winchester and Pretoria (father and brother respectively of the late Gilbert Talbot, in whose name Toc H. was founded), the Lord Mayor (seen in the foreground), the Burgomasters of Ypres and Poperinghe, and the Rev. P. B. Clayton, M.C., the well-known Chaplain of Toc H. The Prince, who was wearing, like most of those present, the Toc H.

BIRTHDAY FESTIVAL OF TOC H.—(INSET) A TYPICAL LAMP OF MAINTENANCE.

blazer and tie, said: "Toc H. is just such a League of Youth as Sir James Barrie spoke of at St. Andrews . . . more worth while as a living memorial than much wood or stone. . . . I share with you the great hope that Toc H. may go forward in its tremendous task of conquering hate and of teaching brotherly love between fellows of every class." The delegates then knelt in turn before the Prince, who lit with a taper their little green lamps, modelled on those of the early Christians in the Catacombs, save for the cross-shaped handles representing part of the arms of Ypres. One lamp, presented by the Prince, is to be kept in the Church of All Hallows by the Tower. During the minute's "Silence of Remembrance," there was no light but that of the flickering lamps, with the distant sound of the "Last Post" followed by the "Reveille."—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.—C.R.]



AT HOME AND ABROAD: PICTORIAL RECORDS OF INTERESTING EVENTS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MATTHIAS (COLOGNE), C.N., L.N.A. TOPICAL, AND BRITISH ILLUSTRATIONS.



THE SECRETARY FOR WAR WITH THE BRITISH ARMY ON THE RHINE: LORD DERBY (CENTRE) AT A MILITARY PARADE IN DOM SQUARE, COLOGNE.



THE UNVEILING OF THE GERVASE ELWES MEMORIAL: (L. TO R.) VISCOUNTESS LEE OF FAREHAM, WHO PERFORMED THE CEREMONY, LADY WINEFRIDE ELWES, AND MRS. DE BLESS.



WHEN A "WHEEL" IS REALLY A WHEEL: THE MOTOR-CYCLIST AS HIS OWN HUB.



THE BRITISH C-IN-C. IN IRELAND SAYS GOOD-BYE: GEN. MACREADY (RIGHT) AND THE O.C., 2ND ROYAL WELCH FUSILIERS.



SAID TO BE UNIQUE IN EUROPE: THE NEW ARMENIAN CHURCH IN KENSINGTON.



A SUBMARINE CONSTRUCTED OF FLOWERS: A TRIBUTE FROM THE PORTSMOUTH DIVISION, AT THE UNVEILING OF THE SUBMARINE WAR MEMORIAL ON THE EMBANKMENT.

The Earl of Derby, Secretary of State for War, arrived at Cologne on December 14, and was welcomed by Lieut.-General Sir A. J. Godley, British Commander-in-Chief, the French, Belgian, and American Commanders-in-Chief, and Lord Kilmarnock, the High Commissioner. Lord Derby took the salute at a military parade in the Cathedral square.—A memorial to Gervase Elwes, the famous singer, placed in an alcove of the grand circle at the Queen's Hall, was unveiled on December 14 by Viscountess Lee of Fareham, who described him as "a great singer, a great artist, and a great gentleman." A larger photograph of the bust appears on a later page in this number.—The remarkable one-wheel motor-cycle shown above is the invention of Signor Gialaihi, of Milan, who is seen riding it. Its trials have proved satisfactory, and it is credited with a speed of over thirty miles an hour.—



IN HONOUR OF THE SERVICE WHOSE WAR LOSSES WERE HIGHEST IN PROPORTION TO ITS SIZE: THE SUBMARINE WAR MEMORIAL UNVEILING.

General Sir Neville Macready, as Commander-in-Chief of the British troops in Ireland (since evacuated), at a march-past in Phoenix Park, on December 15, shook hands with all the officers of battalions on the way to embark for England. He himself, with his staff, left Kingstown in a cruiser on the 17th.—In a square off the south side of Kensington High Street, near Iverna Gardens, there has just been completed an Armenian church, said to be the only one of its type in Europe.—In unveiling the Submarine War Memorial, Rear-Admiral Hugh Sinclair said that the submarine service lost in the war more killed in proportion to its size than any other. The total was 138 officers and 1225 men, and about fifty submarines. The architect of the memorial was Mr. A. H. R. Tenison; the sculptor, Mr. F. B. Hitch. Archdeacon Ingles, Chaplain of the Fleet, dedicated it.

A PLATYPUS "BOOM" IN NEW YORK: A ZOOLOGICAL "STAR."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ELWIN R. SANBORN. BY COURTESY OF THE NEW YORK ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY.



NEW YORK FLOCKS TO SEE THE FIRST AUSTRALIAN PLATYPUS EVER LANDED ALIVE ABROAD: A QUEUE OF VISITORS TO ITS TANK.



A SOCIAL "CRUSH" WHICH THE PLATYPUS COULD ONLY STAND FOR ONE HOUR A DAY: VISITORS CROWDING ROUND ITS TANK AT NEW YORK.



"HEAD-KEEPER JOHN TOOMEY HANDLED THE LITTLE CREATURE WHENEVER ITS ERRING WAYS NEEDED TO BE CHECKED": NEW YORK CHILDREN INTERESTED.



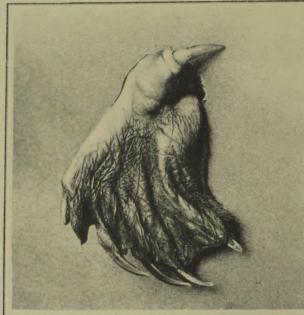
"BOOMING" THE UNIQUE LINK BETWEEN MAMMALS, BIRDS AND REPTILES: A SEDUCTIVE PLACARD IN THE NEW YORK ZOOLOGICAL PARK.

We have already done justice to the unique zoological characteristics of the Australian duck-billed platypus, by Mr. Harry Burrell's remarkable photographs in our issue of April 8 last, with an article by Mr. W. P. Pycraft, and further illustrations, in that of October 21, showing the specimen brought to the New York Zoological Park in July by Mr. Ellis S. Joseph after years of patient effort. This was the first platypus ever landed alive in a foreign country, and it lived at the Park for 49 days, a longer time than had been anticipated, owing to its nervous temperament and the problem of feeding it. It died suddenly on August 30. The platypus is the most difficult of all creatures to keep alive in

captivity. We return to the subject here (and on the double-page of photographs), partly in order to show the extraordinary interest taken in the animal by the people of New York, well stimulated by the Zoological authorities, and partly to illustrate the remarkably ingenious tank and nest, reproducing as far as possible its natural habitat, devised for it by Mr. Joseph. It is to be hoped that one day your own "Zoo" will be enabled to show to Londoners in a similar way the strangest creature in the fauna of the British Empire. Accounts of the above specimen, by Mr. Joseph and Dr. W. T. Hornaday, Director of the New York Zoological Society's Park, appeared in that Society's September "Bulletin."

THE EMPIRE'S STRANGEST CREATURE STRANGE TO BRITAIN:

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ELWIN R. SANBORN.



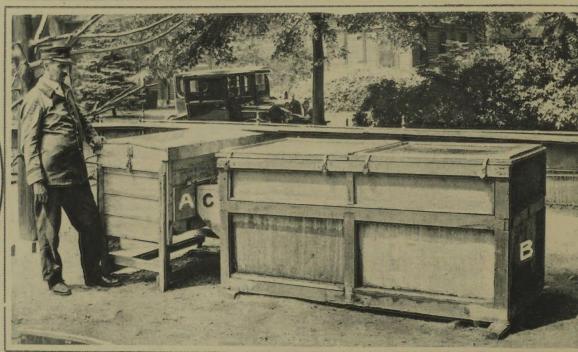
SHOWING THE HIGHLY DEVELOPED SPUR: A HIND-FOOT OF THE PLATYPUS.



SHOWING THE CLAWS: ANOTHER VIEW OF THE HIND-FOOT OF THE AUSTRALIAN DUCK-BILLED PLATYPUS TAKEN TO NEW YORK.



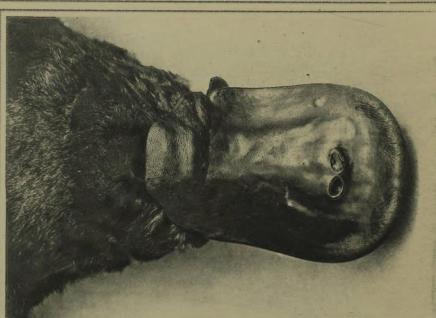
"THE BROAD, FLAT TAIL IS . . . HEAVILY HAIRED ABOVE AND VERY USEFUL IN SWIMMING": THE PLATYPUS.



HOW THE PLATYPUS TRAVELED ACROSS THE PACIFIC AND THE AMERICAN CONTINENT: ITS "CAGE"-HOME (SHOWING, A, THE "BURROWS" AND, B, THE TANKS) AS IT ARRIVED IN NEW YORK.



"OFTEN ONE WILL CONSUME HALF ITS OWN WEIGHT OF FOOD IN A DAY": THE VORACIOUS PLATYPUS.



"AMONG OTHER UNIQUE FEATURES OF THE PLATYPUS IS THE BROAD AND LEATHERY DUCK-LIKE BILL": THE UPPER SIDE OF THE BEAK, WITH TWO HOLES LIKE NOSTRILS.

A PLATYPUS; AND A CAGE REPLICA OF ITS RIVER HOME.

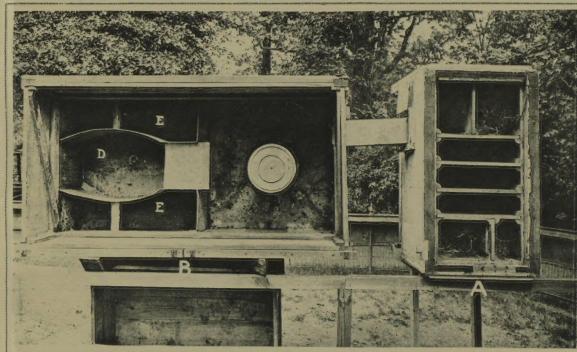
BY COURTESY OF THE NEW YORK ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY.



WITH THE WEB OUTSPREAD: ONE OF THE FORE-PEET OF THE DUCK-BILLED PLATYPUS, THAT STRANGE BLEND OF MAMMAL AND AQUATIC BIRD.



WITH THE WEB CLOSED: ANOTHER VIEW OF A FORE-FOOT OF THE PLATYPUS.



SHOWING THE LARGE TANK, WITH PILLAR, IN THE CENTRE: (A) "BURROWS"; (B) TANKS; (C) TUNNEL; (D) "BATH-ROOM"; (E) SAND BANKS—THE ARTIFICIAL HABITAT OF THE PLATYPUS, FROM ABOVE.



"WHILE IT LIVED OUR LITTLE PLATYPUS COST 4 TO 5 DOLLARS A DAY TO FEED": THE EPICURE.



WITH ITS BASE "A LEATHERY MARGIN THAT NICELY COVERS THE JUNCTION BETWEEN BILL AND FUR": THE BEAK OF THE NEW YORK PLATYPUS—ITS UNDER-SIDE.



SHOWING THE SERRATED EDGE OF THE UNDER-PART: A SIDE VIEW OF THE BEAK OF THE DUCK-BILLED PLATYPUS WHICH TRAVELED FROM SYDNEY TO NEW YORK.

The ways of the platypus, like its anatomy, are peculiar, and it was no small achievement on the part of Mr. Ellis S. Joseph, of Sydney, to convey one alive for 10,000 miles to New York, in a remarkable "cage" which he had built as an artificial replica of its natural home in the bank of the Namoy River, in New South Wales. The Director of the New York Zoological Park, Dr. W. T. Hornaday, writes: "The platypus arrived in the most amazing contraption that we ever have seen in use in animal transportation. It is 10 ft. long over all, 3 ft. wide, 2 ft. 9 in. high, and it has more compartments than a Pullman car. Its midship section consists of a large tank of water, 30 by 36 by 18 in. deep. The main deck forward contains an elevated pool which serves as the bath-room of the platypus, and this is flanked on either side by two small sand banks. The 'quarter-deck' is occupied by a labyrinth of narrow halls, each one connected with its side partners by two holes of platypus size. All the holes are fitted with rubber gaskets, to scrape the water off the animal as it

wriggles through to its burrow in the farthest corner, where it goes to sleep in a nest of dry hay. This labyrinth is connected with the large pool amidships by an up-slanting water-tight box of sheet metal. The little animal swam and ate its food in the main tank. . . . Our platypus proved much more lively and active than we had anticipated. . . . To keep it from acquiring momentum which would carry it against the walls of its main tank, and injure its bill, Mr. Joseph placed in the centre of its tank a cylindrical sheet-metal tower with a flat top. Round and round this the animal swam. . . . Its measurements were: Total length from end of beak to end of tail, 18½ in.; length of upper mandible, 3 1/8 in.; length of spur on hind-foot, ½ in.; weight, 1½ lb. The platypus has the astounding ability to lay eggs. The fur is dark brown. . . . Thousands of these animals have been killed by fur-hunters in Australia—where all mammalian life is being rapidly swept away." It has just been announced, however, that a large sanctuary for native fauna and flora has been established on Kangaroo Island.

SLEEP YOUR WAY FROM LONDON FOGS TO RIVIERA SUNSHINE! THE BLISSFUL GOAL OF THE "BLUE TRAIN."

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, STEVEN SPURRIER, R.O.I.



A WORLD OF SUNSHINE IN WHICH TO AWAKEN AFTER A FEW

Such are the facilities of modern travel that one can leave London enveloped in a blanket of fog, slip over to Paris, and after a comfortable journey spent mostly in sleep, wake up next morning amid the glorious sunshine of the Riviera. To inaugurate the new "Blue Trains," now in regular service between Calais and the Côte d'Azur, a special trip was recently arranged by the French Northern Railway Company, the Paris-Lyon and Mediterranean Railway Company, and the Sleeping Car and International Express Trains Company. A party of leading British railway officials left Victoria at 11 a.m. on a Saturday, were joined in Paris by French *confrères*, and arrived on Sunday morning at Nice, where they were welcomed by the Duke of Connaught, the Crown Prince of

HOURS OF COMFORTABLE JOURNEYING: THE PROMENADE AT CANNES.

Sweden, the Prefect of the Alpes Maritimes, and other prominent Riviera people. The new sleeping-cars on the "Blue Trains" represent the last word in the improvements made on the original sleeping-cars of 1876, which had four berths in each compartment. Later there were two, but the feature of the new cars is the single-berth compartment, self-contained, but communicating with another when required. These cars, which were built for the International Sleeping Car Company by the Leeds Forge Company, are extremely strong. The framework is entirely of steel, resting on a solid steel bogie, and wood is used only for interior decoration. The new arrangements have much enhanced the amenities of the journey to the Riviera.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.—G.R.]

The World of the Theatre

By J. T. GREIN.

THE INTERNATIONAL CIRCUS.—THE MAGIC OF PLAY-TITLES.—THEATRE FINANCE.

HOUP-LÀ! There he is again, the friend of young and old—Captain Bertram Mills, the dauntless director of the International Circus at Olympia! As usual, he has made a trip round the world in some forty days, with his lantern, to find the best of horseflesh, the most intrepid riders, the most dazzling acrobats. When, on the 21st of this month, the arena is thrown open, there will be seventy studs, including the whole of Schumann's Swedish Circus; there will be the famous Danish équestrienne, Baptista Schreiber, to whom English people of leading offered that famous Arab Menelik, in the gracious presence of her kinswoman, Queen Alexandra; there will be elephants, birds, and sea-lions, commingling with kings of the trapeze and other breakneck performers; and Pimpo, London's quaint clown, will help to make and mar the pauses with his quips and cranks and much ado about nothing, so that we may relax our admiration and wonderment for artists and animals in the healthy laugh which spreads like wildfire and makes parents and children of one happy age, and the Olympia Circus the jolliest spot in London.

Two controversies have lately kept tongues wagging and pens busy. The first is: Can the title influence the career of a play? The other: Will costs kill the theatre? Ian Hay has been challenged because he called his play, in which the hero (who was really a mild villain) was drowned, to the relief of his forsaken wife and family, "The Happy Ending." Some people took exception; some did not like it; some missed the satirical point; some predicted unfavourable effects on the box-office. Personally, I think that in this particular case the title is of no consequence, for it is one of those titles which excite little comment. It is ordinary, not to say banal; one reads it and passes on. But undoubtedly now and again a title has immensely whetted the public curiosity on account of happy coinage, a touch of mystery, an analogy to a current saying, a *soufflé* of spice. Titles, like window-dressing, have a way of attracting the passer-by. Watch our shopping quarters at Christmas time. One two, three windows are unobtrusive; at a fourth there is a little group of onlookers, an ebb and flow,

to it; when the stranger in our gates hears "Decameron Nights," he thinks of Boccaccio and something very, very naughty. When the little girl who revels in the morning picture-papers hears of "East of Suez," she begins to dream of the Orient and its glamour and luxuries; when she hears of "Passion," she muses over love and all it means to her; when "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse" meets her eye, she becomes excited, although she cannot pronounce the title or understand it; when she repeats in languorous tones, "Romance," with the accent on the "o,"

the work is well in hand and by next September the flag will fly from the roof.

Now look what it means. Say, for argument's sake, that the land costs £20,000, the theatre £80,000—total, £100,000. To prove the soundness of the scheme, I would calculate 7½ per cent. interest, although 6 per cent. would be quite enough to make the business profitable for the bank; 7½ per cent. on £100,000, £750—in other words, £150 per week (plus taxes) for a brand-new theatre containing room for 1000 people, and all modern improvements of lighting, scenic appliances, etc. Compare this with some rents we know of: the Garrick £400; the Duke of York's, ditto; the St. James's, £350; the Royalty, £250; the

Ambassadors, £200. Why, *c'est le Paradis*, as the French say, and obviously it is the key to the situation. Nor will the objection hold good that sites are difficult to find for the purpose. I personally know of several at present—one in Charing Cross Road; one off Leicester Square; one in Leicester Square, for which £100,000 is asked, but which would allow the building of another Alhambra; one in Soho; one in Chelsea. And I am only an onlooker in this business: what must come under the notice of agents and managers must be far more variegated!

But what stands in the way of enterprise is the want of understanding in the City of the intrinsic

value of theatrical building. Every building society will help you to build a house; many bankers and merchants have built hotels, and some very bad investments among the latter; but as soon as you utter the word theatre there is no response or a waving aside of the proposal with a twinkle of doubt in the financier's eye. Here is a case in point. During the war, my friend Otho Stuart let me have the Court for French plays at £55 per week. One day he said, "Would you care to take over the lease? You can have it for £15,000, and, with taxes £630 per annum, you will have a theatre for £30 a week." With a beating heart I went into the City, for here was the House of Art of my dreams—here would be the Repertory Theatre, the Cosmopolitan Theatre of London—such a proposition would be snapped up at one fell swoop. Alas, poor Yorick! I went from the



IN "THE HAPPY ENDING" AT THE ST. JAMES'S THEATRE: MISS ETHEL IRVING AS MILDRED CRADOCK AND MR. FRED KERR AS SIR ANTHONY FENWICK.

Major Ian Hay's play, "The Happy Ending," tells the story of a woman (Mildred Cradock) whose husband, supposed to be dead, reappears with disastrous results.

Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield, Ltd.

her whole being is a-longing and a-sighing—she must see it, if her last penny has to go for it. And so on, *ad infinitum*, whether you mention "Bluebeard's Eighth Wife," "The Perfect Lover," "My Old Dutch," "Cat and the Canary," or any name that catches the eye, lingers in the memory, dances on the tongue.

It is no criterion, for, if a play is really dull, not all the titles in the world will save it; nor can a multi-coloured ring round a bad cigar make a popular brand. But undoubtedly, if the play answers in some way the promise of its name, it is pretty certain that the one will help to advertise the other, and that people will be more easily attracted than by such prosy, matter-of-fact titles as, for instance, "Destruction," "Chains," "Loyalties," etc., when the fate of the play depends entirely on its merits and its interpretation. To sum it up in a few words and an example: Why did a certain pill make fame and fortune for its inventor at one fell swoop? Because he had the inspiration to dub them "Worth a Guinea a Box"—it hit and it stuck, and it went forth through the land. Was the medicine better than others? It is not for me to judge. Nor could I answer for the merits of "A Little Bit of Fluff," yet I know that everybody in Society, Bohemia, and Suburbia went to see it, because the title appealed to the public's imagination—or one of the other senses?

The other question on the *tapis* is the everlasting wail—the theatre is sickening, the theatre is moribund, owing to fabulous rents and exorbitant wages. Even the *Daily Mail* allowed a long article to pass on the subject—which told us nothing new. I confess to being very bored by all these doctors who diagnose the poor theatre and cry "Save us"—and offer no remedy. So I will administer a *nostrum* in hope (but not in expectation) of paving the way to cure.

My prescription is very simple, and the formula is "Build theatres." It is an excellent investment based on the soundest finance. Nor is it chimera; it can be done; it is done. And here is an example, of which not every detail may be correct (for I have not seen the actual contracts), but in substance I know what has happened. A very clever estate man found a wonderful site not a thousand miles from Drury Lane; he obtained either a lease for 999 years or a freehold price. He went to a bank and said, "I have the land; I can build for £70,000 to £80,000; if I find you a tenant for twenty-one years who will plank down a substantial sum as a guarantee—say, £5000—will you finance the construction for me on mortgage?" "Top!" said the banker. Then the astute man went to a well-known manager, whose name and position warranted solvency and substance. He told him the same tale from the other end. The manager too said "Top!" paid the deposit required, and now



AS THE ONE-HANDED PIRATE, CAPTAIN HOOK, IN "PETER PAN," DUE SHORTLY AT THE ST. JAMES'S THEATRE: MR. LYN HARDING.

As the piratical Captain Hook in Barrie's "Peter Pan," Mr. Lyn Harding has to conceal his right hand, which is replaced by the famous hook.—[Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield, Ltd.]

the indescribable something that magnetises one person after another. Yet the wares of the happy window may have none of the value, nor even the taste, of the others that are overlooked. It is the same with titles. When the man in the street reads: "The Girl who Took the Wrong Turning," he opens his eyes wide; would like to know. When he—and she even more so—sees: "A Little Bit of Fluff," he says, "What ho! This wants looking into." When flaming posters proclaim: "Midnight Follies," the flâneurs think of a nice supper and a nice girl to take



AS THE ONE-LEGGED PIRATE, LONG JOHN SILVER, IN "TREASURE ISLAND," WITH HIS PARROT, CAPTAIN FLINT: MR. ARTHUR BOURCHIER.

The stage version of Stevenson's "Treasure Island" is due at the Strand Theatre on December 23. Mr. Arthur Bourchier has a harder task to conceal a leg than Mr. Lyn Harding has to hide his hand in "Peter Pan," and he found some little difficulty in obtaining a suitable parrot, able to swear and cry "Pieces of eight!"

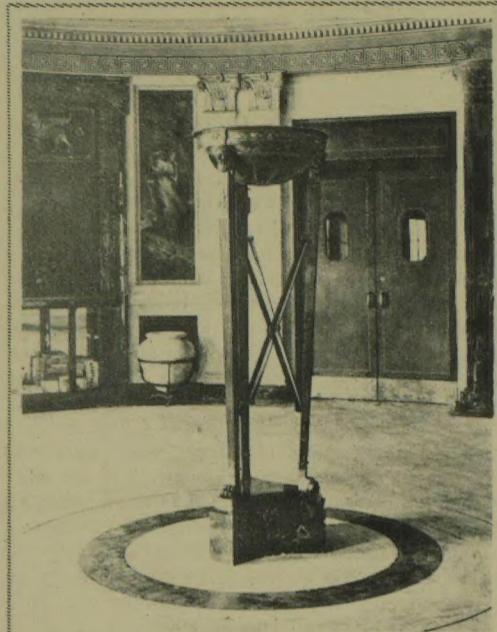
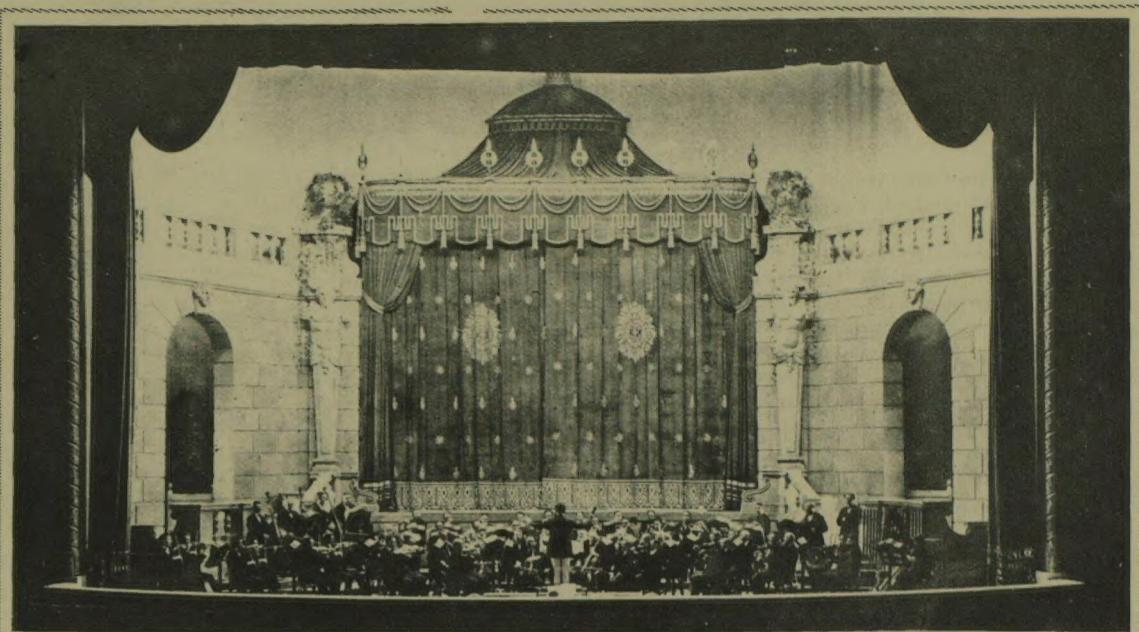
Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield, Ltd.

great Peters of finance to the still greater Pauls. They received me most politely, but *Nitchevo*—nothing doing; the goldfish slipped through my net. At length Gaston Mayer became Lord of the Manor, sold it to Lord Lathom for £30,000, and—the rent is now £150 a week.

Enough said; I hope that City men will read this article and profit by these words of wisdom, which are not my own, but the voice of reality.

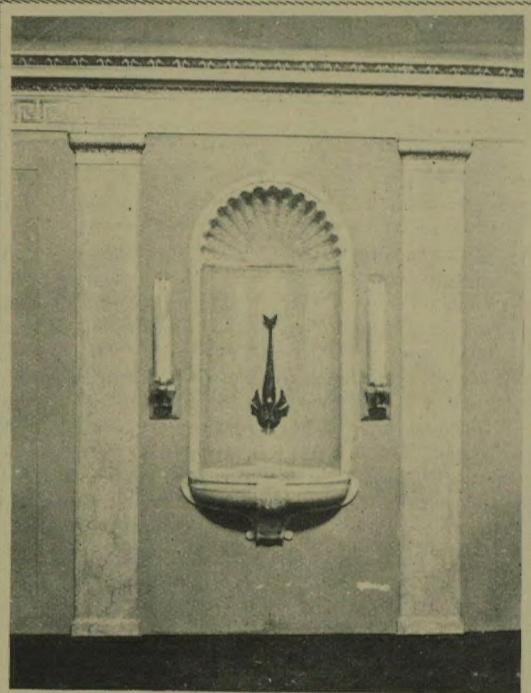
A PRINCELY ENDOWMENT OF MUSIC: THE £2,000,000 EASTMAN THEATRE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY KODAK.

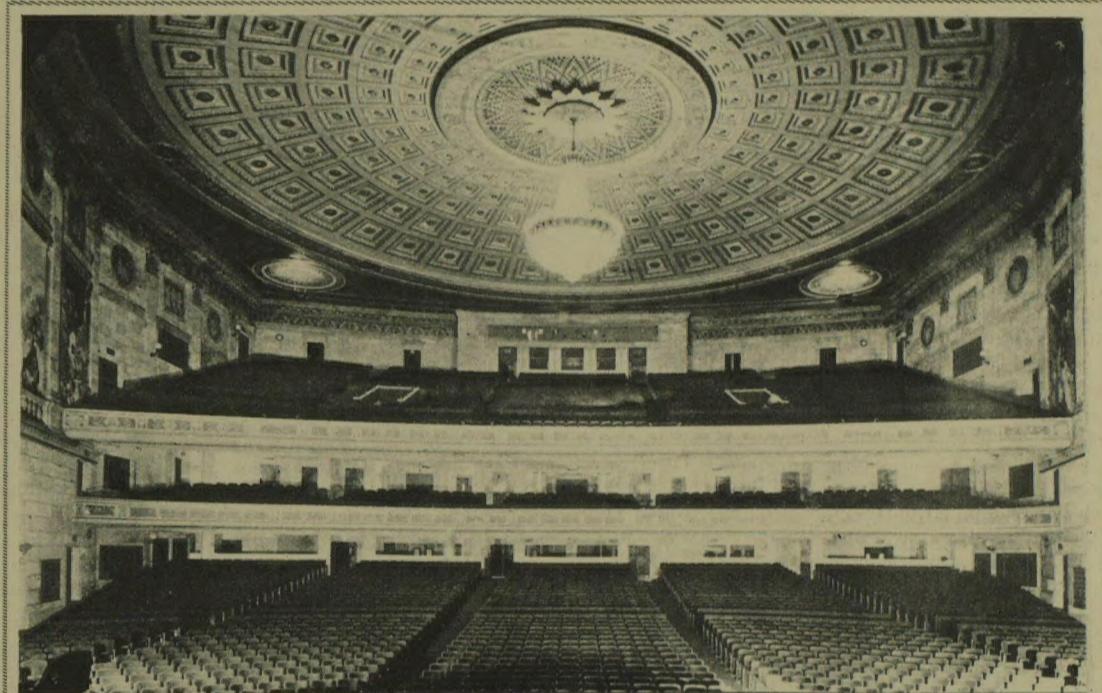


GIVEN BY GEORGE EASTMAN, OF "KODAK" FAME, TO THE CITY OF ROCHESTER, U.S.A.: THE MAGNIFICENT EASTMAN THEATRE—ITS ORCHESTRA AND ITS STAGE SETTING FOR MOTION-PICTURES.

CASTING LIGHT UPWARD: AN ARTISTIC INVERTED LAMP IN THE LOBBY OF THE EASTMAN THEATRE.



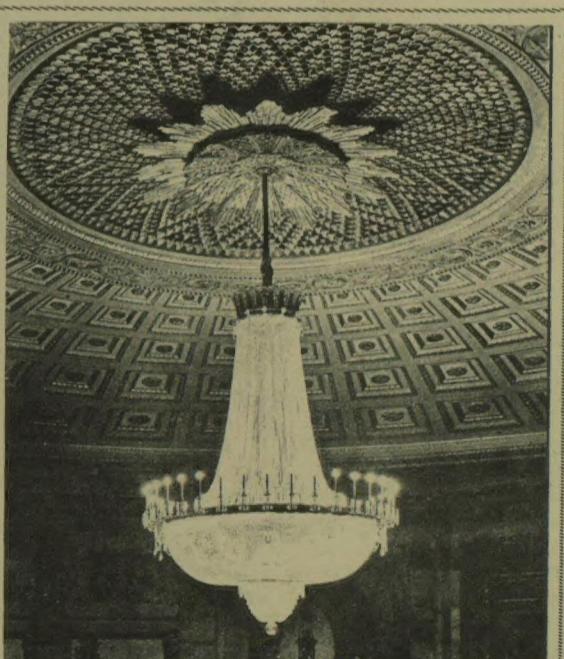
WITH FISH-SHAPED TAP OVER A MARBLE BASIN: A DRINKING FOUNTAIN IN THE EASTMAN THEATRE.



DEDICATED "TO THE ENRICHMENT OF COMMUNITY LIFE," AND THE PROVISION OF THE BEST MUSIC IN COMBINATION WITH PICTURES: THE VAST AND SPLENDID AUDITORIUM OF THE EASTMAN THEATRE.



DECORATION IN THE EASTMAN THEATRE, WITH BACKGROUND EFFECTS LIKE AN OPEN COLONNADE: MURAL PAINTINGS BY EZRA WINTER, SYMBOLISING VARIOUS PHASES OF MUSIC.



SUSPENDED FROM A "SUN-BURST": THE HUGE CRYSTAL CHANDELIER IN THE AUDITORIUM.

The Eastman Theatre, in Rochester, U.S.A., is part of a comprehensive scheme to give the people from childhood up the best possible music. It is dedicated "To the enrichment of community life," and will be connected with the school of music of the University of Rochester. The object of this enterprise is not only to meet the demand for music, in combination with pictures, but to present music in its best form. The theatre belongs to the people, the University of Rochester holding the title to the property. There are no stockholders, and whatever profits may accrue will go to increase the excellence of

musical programmes. The building and all expenses connected with the scheme are the gift of Mr. George Eastman to the City of Rochester. The actual cost of constructing this magnificent theatre has run very nearly to £2,000,000. At the age of sixty-five, Mr. George Eastman, the "Kodak" maker, stands as one of America's many self-made multi-millionaires. Little was known about him until he was forced by law to disclose the fact that he was the mysterious "Mr. Smith" who made another munificent gift—nearly £3,000,000—to the Boston College of Technology.

By Pin-Prick to Peru: A C.C.'s Wanderings.

"THE ADVENTURES OF A TROPICAL TRAMP." By HARRY L. FOSTER.*

THE Wanderlust betrayed Harry L. Foster by urging him to the Panama Canal Zone somewhere about eight years too late for the "Skeltary" life of his desire. He walked into a job at Cristobal, and for an unromantic month endured salesmanship as a shoe-clerk in the Government Commissary. The advertisement of "Ladies' Week" confirmed him in his determination to quit. He saw the sale out, to the last "Good-day; I'll be in again to-morrow"; then shut his eyes and pin-pricked a map of South America. The point stuck in Peru.

So, unasked, as is the custom, he joined the elusive fraternity of Tropical Tramps, the strange, ill-assorted, experience-hungry brotherhood who drift across the countries, and are by no means to be compared with the ignoble Order of Beachcombers. "A tramp works for his living, and is called a tramp merely because his love of adventure keeps him from working long in one place. A beachcomber, on the other hand, does not work, but insists on the alms he can wheedle from his fellow-countrymen with hard-luck stories."

On a cold-swept steamer labouring under the delusion that the tropics are always warm, he travelled down the west coast: steerage. Landing at Callao, he invested twenty of his two-and-twenty cents in a ticket to Lima, a capital unattractive to all but church-collecting tourists, and set at scratch by its climate. His luck was in. The Cerro de Pasco Copper Corporation engaged him as an office-man on the Hill. He set off, up into the Andes, and found that journeying towards the back country of South America was "equivalent to viewing a motion picture of the continent's history—except that the film ran backwards, taking one from the modern to the primitive." In the tunnel piercing Mount Meiggs is the highest point on the main line—15,665 feet above sea-level. "Here the *soroche*, or mountain sickness, became general among the passengers. . . . With most people it lasts only two or three days, characterised by heavy pounding of the heart, pains in the head, and sleepless nights. . . . Employers are seldom sent to 'the hill' without a heart and lung test; nevertheless, it is not an infrequent occurrence for one to be rushed back to Lima on a special train, with a camp doctor pumping oxygen into him. Even old-timers, long after *soroche* has passed off, are unable to exert themselves vigorously, although the native-born Indians seem to gallop up or down hill, carrying tremendous loads on the back without effort."

The labours of the Gringoes were not onerous. All but certain hours a month was a loaf. "Then, on pay-day, a big steel car, guarded by a squad of Peruvian soldiers, rolled up to our front door, and for a day or two we sat at the window, with a revolver handy, and paid off the two thousand Indians who swarmed about the office. After that, there would be several days of idleness while they recovered from their debauch."

This could not last long. Mr. Foster resigned and became correspondent to the *West Coast Leader*, the only American newspaper in Lima. His first assignment was very much after his heart. He had stipulated that he should be sent where he had never been. "All right," countered his editor, "we'll start with the Chanchamayo Valley. No one's ever been there before—except Lloyd, and he's the only white man in a thousand square miles of jungle. Go down and write something about him."

The "Special" started—armed with letters of introduction and a quart of whiskey as visiting-card. His way was precarious; a narrow path, but by no means straight. He went by a car that was the terror of all other traffic and by a mule ironically named "Flying Fannie"; also he was not without advice. He was warned, for instance, to look out for cockroaches at La Merced, and to ask the hotel proprietor to lend him a frog for his room. "Yes, señor—a frog to kill the cockroaches . . . and when the frog has killed all the cockroaches, señor, you ask the proprietor for a snake . . . a snake to eat the frog."

Soon the trail ran through a tangle of high weeds.

* * * * * "The Adventures of a Tropical Tramp." By Harry L. Foster. Illustrated. (John Lane; The Bodley Head; 12s. 6d. net).

"In the two weeks that had elapsed since the last man had travelled this way, they had overgrown the entire path. Fannie solved the problem by eating away the jungle as we advanced." Then came ants, and Mr. Foster swears to the correctness of his observations. On foot he followed a battalion of army ants through the jungle. "A large, yellowish-red species of ant, they are organised exactly like a modern military machine, and even uniformed. The buck privates have red heads. The second lieutenants have small white heads. The higher officers have large white heads. . . . I watched them in their march. They were in regular march formation, with the advance guard, main body, and rear guard.

Himself amongst the Chunchos, Mr. Foster learned many things. Not the least curious was that they had known the cause of malaria long before the white man. "According to a very intelligent chief . . . the savages were not only aware that the fever was carried by a mosquito, but had identified the particular mosquito which carried it. That is why we first painted our arms and faces. . . . The mosquito cannot bite through the paint."

Later, our Tramp found himself at the oil-port of Talara; then at Paita, which was burned down as the only way to cleanse it; and so to La Paz and Cuzco, capital of the ancient Inca Empire; to Arica, and back to Lima. There, as temporary attaché at the United States Legation, and, after a nervously hasty consultation of a "Useful Phrases" book, he introduced a caller to the Minister with the Spanish equivalent of: "Sir, I have the honour to present you with this trifling birthday gift!"

Next, back into the jungle, with two missionaries. The Amazonian port of Iquitos was the immediate objective, and for the first part of the journey the official *tambos*, or inns, were "featured." At one of them the party was cheered by the caution not to shake the house lest snakes should fall from the roof.

After Miriatirai, blood-sucking vampire bats had to be avoided, and the little man-eating fish called the *paña*. Then, for an extraordinary three weeks, the Pichis River was the "road"—by one-log canoe big enough for twenty and by river launch with lighter lashed to it. The chief Indian canoe-paddler, Menichi, The Tiger, was a cannibal of the Cashivos, who eat their old people, which is probably why he worked his hardest only if he had monkey-meat in plenty. There were many things to see and to hear.

Risks were ever-present. The navigation of a steam-launch on the upper branches of the Amazon is a perpetual puzzle. During the rains, huge trees, falling into the river with the collapsing banks, are whirled along, threatening destruction; in the dry season, rocks and sandbars and snags are the menace. "No charts are made of the river's course to aid the native pilot, and if any were made they would only mislead him, for not only do the sandbars change position overnight, but even the river itself, by washing down one bank and piling up new soil on the other side, is apt to move itself a few hundred yards in either direction."

Going down the Ucayali to the Amazon was very well worth while. The "sights" were frequent and unexpected. There was the spearing of turtle to see. There was the negro prisoner, "tied with a small rope, which seemed to be only symbolic of his captivity, for whenever he wished to walk the deck, he untied it himself. Having taken his walk, he returned and tied himself up again." There were the captain and crew who jiggled and stood on their heads.

So to Iquitos, most isolated city of Peru; for a while, when the rubber boom was at its height in South America, the second of its country's ports, now—or when Mr. Foster was there a couple of years ago—the deadliest place in the commercially dead Amazon Region. And then a sixteen days' journey down the Amazon: truly a wonder amongst rivers—1000, 2000, 2500, or 3500 miles long, according to which geographic authority determines its starting-point!

At Para, the Tramp was once more penniless. He was "saved" by playing the piano in a gambling-house. A wonderful "mail" did the rest. Several stories he had written on his wanderings had been accepted, and "drafts" were enclosed. "And," he notes, "the peculiar thing about it is that I had simply taken true accounts of the experiences of a Tropical Tramp, and sold them as fiction."

None can blame the editors: they were merely proving the old adage that "Truth is stranger than Fiction." More: if the tales Mr. Foster then told were as fascinating as those now narrated, it says much for their judgment. Certainly "The Adventures of a Tropical Tramp" cannot fail to achieve success—and very well-deserved success at that.

E. H. G.



CATERER TO THE TRAMP'S MESS: TORPIRO SHOOTING FISH WITH BOW AND ARROW.



AN INDIAN CANOE-PADDLER HUNTING: TORPIRO "SHOOTS" A FISH.



WITH CIRCULAR CROWNS OF STRAW: CHUNCHO MEN WEARING THEIR LOOSE FLOWING GARMENTS.

Illustrations Reproduced from "The Adventures of a Tropical Tramp"; by Courtesy of the Author, and of the Publisher, Mr. John Lane.

Lloyd was found as he rode through his groves of coffee bushes, and was properly hospitable and informative. Of the Chuncho Indians he knew much, and he told, for example, how "when a member of the tribe is ill, the witch-doctors hide a piece of metal, send the children of the tribe to hunt it, and then kill the finder of it as being the one who harbours the bad spirit."



CHILDREN BY THE OLD MASTERS: No. IV.—"A BOY AND RABBIT," BY SIR HENRY RAEBURN.

This reproduction of a charming work by the great Scottish portrait-painter, Sir Henry Raeburn, R.A. (1756-1823), forms a companion picture to several other beautiful examples of child-portraiture by Old Masters which we have given in colour this year. The famous "Blue Boy" of Gainsborough appeared in our issue of February 18; that of May 27 contained "The Red Boy"—Sir Thomas Lawrence's portrait of "Master Lambton"; and that of

November 18, Perronneau's "A Girl with a Cat." The original of Raeburn's "Boy and Rabbit" is in the Diploma Gallery of the Royal Academy at Burlington House. It is a portrait of Henry Raeburn Inglis, son of the artist's step-daughter. The picture was deposited with the Royal Academy by Sir Henry Raeburn in 1821, in exchange for a portrait of himself which he had presented as his Diploma Work on his election as a Royal Academician in 1815.

After Sir Henry Raeburn's Painting, "A Boy and Rabbit," in the Diploma Gallery of the Royal Academy at Burlington House. By COURTESY OF THE SECRETARY, MR. W. R. M. LANE.

Our readers were so much interested in "The Blue Boy" and "The Red Boy" that we issued them as separate plates, on art paper, ready for framing, at 25. 6d. (post free, 3s.). "A Girl with a Cat" and "A Boy and Rabbit" are published in similar form and at the same price. "The Blue Boy" is now out of print, but a few copies of "The Red Boy" are still left. Any two of the remaining three ("The Red Boy," "Girl with a Cat," and "Boy and Rabbit") can be had as a pair for 5s. 6d. post free, or the three together for 8s., post free. Copies can be obtained from the Publishing Office, 172, Strand, W.C.2.

ERIN'S NEW ERA: BRITISH TROOPS LEAVE; GOVERNORS-GENERAL; NEW STAMPS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY C.N., L.N.A., AND W. AND G. BAIRD (BELFAST). STAMPS SUPPLIED BY FRED J. MELVILLE.



IRISH FREE STATE TROOPS "TAKING OVER" FROM THE BRITISH IN SOUTHERN IRELAND: THE CHANGE OF SENTRIES AT VICEREGRAL LODGE, DUBLIN.



REGRETFUL NOT TO BE PRESENT TO "RAISE HIS HAT" TO DEPARTING BRITISH TROOPS: MR. TIM HEALY (CENTRE), FIRST GOVERNOR-GENERAL, IRISH FREE STATE.



AFTER BEING SWORN-IN AS GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF NORTHERN IRELAND: THE DUKE OF ABERCORN INSPECTING THE GUARD AT BELFAST.

In Dublin on December 14, the final stage of the evacuation of Southern Ireland by the British Army began, and various battalions—some 2000 men in all—embarked at North Wall in three special steamers. They were cheered as they marched through the streets, for they had made themselves very popular during the past year. The first building to be transferred to Irish Free State troops was the Viceregal Lodge, where they "took over" from the 1st Batt. Leicestershire Regiment. A message from the Governor-General (Mr. Tim Healy) was read to them, expressing regret at his being unable to take leave of them personally owing to his absence in England, and concluding: "His Excellency desires them to be informed that it would have given him pleasure to raise his hat to them on their



NEW IRISH FREE STATE STAMPS: (L. TO R.) (1) DESIGN FOR MEDIUM DENOMINATIONS; (2) THE FIRST FREE STATE STAMP—2d.; (3) DESIGN FOR HIGH-VALUE STAMPS.

"THE first definitive stamp of the Irish Free State," writes Mr. Fred J. Melville, the well-known philatelist, "was issued immediately the new State was officially launched. The denomination is 2d. It shows the familiar contour of Ireland, and in each of the upper corners of the frame is a shamrock. It is printed in green on white wove paper, water-marked with a monogram S.E. for 'Sáorstat Eireann,' and perforated 14½ by 14. Every effort has been made to get the whole manufacture of the stamps done in Ireland, but this has presented difficulties. So the die was engraved and the plates were made at the Royal Mint, London. In Dublin Castle a special stamp-printing works has been established. Philatelists will be curious to know what Ulster thinks about this map-stamp. The map shows no boundary line, and gives no indication of the division between North and South. In one of the other accepted designs, not yet issued as a stamp, the artist has incorporated the Heraldic Arms of the four provinces of Leinster, Munster, Ulster, and Connaught. This is to be used on the high values; while the map design is only to be used on the low values (in pence). The medium values are to bear a design of a Celtic cross and shamrocks, similar to the old Sinn Fein propaganda labels issued about fourteen years ago."



THE FINAL EVACUATION OF BRITISH TROOPS FROM SOUTHERN IRELAND: INFANTRY WITH THEIR BAND ARRIVING AT NORTH WALL, DUBLIN, TO EMBARK FOR ENGLAND.

departure from the Lodge." In our top left photograph a British sentry about to be dismissed is in front on the left in the central group, with a new Irish sentry on the other side of him, and opposite (in front on the right) an Irish sergeant giving instructions. Next to the latter (on the far side) is a British sergeant. On December 12 Mr. Tim Healy as Governor-General addressed both Houses of the new Free State Parliament. He read the King's message of good wishes and his own reply, both of which made an excellent impression. On the same day (December 12) the Duke of Abercorn was sworn in at Belfast as the Governor-General of Northern Ireland, and afterwards appointed members of the newly constituted Privy Council.

DIGGING SACRED SOIL: RESEARCH IN PALESTINE.—III.

By Professor John Garstang, D.Sc., B.Litt., F.S.A., of Liverpool University, Director of the British School of Archaeology in Jerusalem, and Director of the Department of Antiquities for Palestine.

[This is the third of Professor Garstang's illustrated articles (the first and second appeared in our issues of December 2 and 9), in which he describes, at our request, the progress of historical research and the protection of ancient remains in the Holy Land under the British régime. He writes with authority, both scientific and administrative, and his readers cannot but feel confident as to Britain's fulfilment of her trust, as well as deeply interested in the prospects of momentous discoveries.]

FROM the plain of Acre the route southwards, hugging the sea-coast, bends around the foot of Carmel and so emerges into the plain of Sharon. Here a number of mounds, still generally in occupation, as well as countless numbers of tombs along the ridge, testify to the presence of ancient settlers and civilisation, confirming the impression derived from Egyptian and other documents. But this field is unexplored. There are few visible traces, even of Roman date, while such monumental ruins as meet the eye are attributable mostly to the Crusades or the Middle Ages, and as such will be described in a later section.

The plain, now much wider, from Jaffa southwards, is among the most productive areas of Palestine. It is separated indefinitely from the prominent plateau of Judaea by a low ridge of foot-hills, called the Shephelah. It was this fertile tract that the Philistines seized and occupied about the same time that the Israelites entered Palestine from the side of the Jordan. From this fact it is familiarly known as Philistia, or the Philistine Plain. The long struggle for ascendancy between these two territorial rivals forms a glowing theme in Bible narrative, as witness the exploits of Samson and the defeat of Saul. In the end it would seem that though the Philistines gradually mixed and merged with the people of Palestine and eventually lost their identity, yet for several hundred years they maintained their own independence and institutions; while from their Judaean hills the prophets of Israel, looking down upon the fair plain stretching to the sea that was denied them, launched their fulminations against this hereditary enemy who barred the way. Yet it was the Philistines, doubtless as a result of their commercial relations, who left their name upon the land—as we know it: Palestine.

From the Bible also we get our best glimpse of the internal organisation of this powerful and mysterious people. (See next page.)

It is, however, from Egyptian sources that we learn what is known of the coming and origin of the Philistines, in the reign of the Pharaoh Rameses III. Fortunately the records are relatively ample and well illustrated. On the temple walls we see the Philistine warriors heavily armed, carrying javelin and lance, and protected by helmet, mail body armour and greaves. Each warrior had his chariot and his shield-bearer, as Homer depicts the Greeks at Troy. The Philistine plumed or feathered head-dress is characteristic and distinctive. Their troops numbered also light-armed men, chiefly archers.

The Philistines appear on the scene, according to the Egyptian narrative, in company with other kindred groups of people, about 1184 B.C., as taking part in a great migration, coming southwards down the coast of Syria by land and sea. The movement threatened to invade not only Rameses' Syrian possessions, but even Egypt itself. This migration was, in fact, a repercussion of the great racial movements then in progress which largely repeopled Greece and the Aegean coasts, and overthrew the long-established Hittite supremacy in Asia Minor.

The Pharaoh recognised the full significance and danger of the movement, and made adequate preparation to resist the inroad. It is not quite clear whether

he met the invader on the actual frontiers of Egypt, or whether he advanced some way up the coast of Palestine or Syria. The little creeks or harbours, and the use of ships, represented in the battle scenes, suggest the latter alternative, and the small bay Cæsarea or Athlit or Haifa would well satisfy the illustrations. Wherever it may have been, the Pharaoh met the invaders both by land and by sea. The pictures show the Philistines' boats overturned, with the occupants flung into the water. As they came ashore the land troops completed their discomfiture. The boats of the Philistines had a peculiarly turned-up prow and stern. On shore their chariots were manned

Herodotus as a Syrian feature, while the Assyrian evidence attributes its origin to Ionia or Caria. The round shield, again, according to Herodotus, was Carian, and the handle recognised by modern investigators was traditionally the invention of that area. The picture signs on the now well-known "Phæstos disc" (a round tablet inscribed decentrally on two faces), which include the Philistine headgear, present also affinities with Caria or Lycia, though the object itself was found in Crete. The chance scribblings of an Egyptian schoolboy of the period, again, seem to indicate a relation between one section of the Philistines and a people from Keftin, a state forming one of the central Hittite confederacy, and probably somewhere in the vicinity of Cilicia.

This first glimpse, then, at the new population of the seaboard of Palestine suggests that the Philistines did in fact come from southern Asia Minor. This accords with the general tendency of Biblical tradition: "Have I not brought the Philistines from Caphtor"; and the identification of Caphtor with Cappadocia in the Septuagint. But this theory is not a proof. Some scholars urge, on the other hand, that Caphtor is to be identified with Crete, and that the Philistines came from Crete, or contained Cretan elements. The argument is partly linguistic and partly archaeological (Fig. 1), and while some of it yields place to careful analysis, the theory remains, and it is worthy of deference. The reference to Minos on coins of Gaza, and the cult of that place, are points of special importance; and they awaken a secondary problem as to how far the Cherethites, who are admittedly Cretans, are to be identified with the Philistines.

Such, then, is the Philistine problem. We see that the field of investigation has been narrowed and specialised by modern research; but that the simple question, "Who were the Philistines?" is not to be answered without a complicated investigation of an archaeological and comparative character. The elements for such an enquiry hardly exist. Research in the interior of Asia Minor has not yet drawn distinction between the various ancient elements, and has, in fact, been limited to surface exploration and the examination of a few special sites like Troy and Sardis, and the Hittite capital of Boghaz Keui. More near and more important, the archaeology of the Philistines is almost a blank page.

None of their famous armour has been found, nor were there identified any of the objects common to their daily life, until the Palestine Exploration Fund decided to inaugurate the new era of their researches in Palestine after the war was over by an organised campaign, commencing with Askalon (otherwise Ashkalon), now Ascalon. . . . (Continued on p. 1040.)

The interest of Askalon is by no means confined to the Philistine age or problem. The excavators have found elsewhere in the site striking evidence of the history and wonderful prosperity of the city in succeeding ages. The door-lintel shown in Fig. 2, inscribed briefly, but suggestively, "Prosper Askalon, Prosper Rome," belongs

evidently to the period when Askalon had become a free city of the Roman Empire, a privilege which it enjoyed from B.C. 104 for four and a half centuries. Thereafter it became a city of great splendour, and though retaining some of its ancient features of interest, like the sacred lake and the shrine of the Syrian "fish goddess" Derceto, which writers of the period have described, it must have been effectively Romanised during that period in art and institutions, if not also in language. It was now that the city reached its greatest extension, so that it embraced the whole of the area within the circuit of the ancient ramparts, whereas, in the earliest Egyptian picture of the thirteenth century B.C., it is seen as a small citadel cresting a knoll still conspicuous within the area.

(To be continued next week.)



FIG. 1.—RESEMBLING MINOAN POTTERY FROM CRETE: A VASE FOUND AT ASKALON.

in threes, after the Hittite fashion. Their land equipment was drawn by bullock-wagons, in which also rode the families of some, no doubt the leaders, protected by a bodyguard of Philistine warriors.

It is of passing interest to notice that the round shield, the broad dagger, and the custom of manning the chariots in threes are already familiar in Egyptian



FIG. 2.—INSCRIBED "PROSPER ASKALON: PROSPER ROME": A DOOR-LINTEL OF THE ROMAN BASILICA, OR HALL OF THE JUDGES, AT ASKALON.

Professor Garstang's account of the Roman period at Askalon, begun below, will be continued in a later issue.

representations of their warfare with the Hittites and their confederates. Conspicuous also are the "Shardana," supposed to have come, like other Hittite confederates of the time, from Western Asia Minor, presumably from Sardis. For the Hittite Empire and confederacy had formerly linked together all the various tribes and peoples of Asia Minor and North Syria. Members of this same people, the Shardana, accompany the Philistines, while other remnants of them are found as mercenaries in the Egyptian ranks, fighting against their kindred. Their inclusion in the Egyptian army dated from the Hittite wars of some generations previous.

These are not the only indications of an origin in Asia Minor of the Philistines. The feather head-dress, which so distinguishes them, is alluded to by

THE PHILISTINE PROBLEM: CITIES OF THE ANCIENT ENEMY OF ISRAEL.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY COURTESY OF PROFESSOR JOHN GARSTANG, DIRECTOR OF THE BRITISH SCHOOL OF ARCHAEOLOGY IN JERUSALEM, AND OF THE PALESTINE DEPARTMENT OF ANTIQUITIES.



FIG. 3.—WHERE THE PHILISTINES SET THE CAPTURED ARK IN THE HOUSE OF DAGON: ASHDOD (NOW ESDUD)—A GENERAL VIEW OF THE MODERN VILLAGE.



FIG. 4.—RELICS OF THE MIDDLE AGES IN ONE OF THE CHIEF PHILISTINE CITIES: RUINS OF A MEDIEVAL VAULTED CHAMBER AT ESDUD (ASHDOD).



FIG. 6.—CROWNED WITH THE BYZANTINE AND CRUSADERS' WALLS: THE GIANT RAMPARTS OF ASKALON, ONE OF THE THREE PHILISTINE CITIES WHOSE SITES ARE IDENTIFIED BY THE SURVIVAL OF THEIR NAMES

"It is from the Bible," writes Professor Garstang (in a passage on the Philistines omitted from his article on page 1038 for reasons of space) "that we get our best glimpse of the internal organisation of this powerful and mysterious people. We recognise without difficulty a league of five principal city states, whereof the sites of three, upon the coast—namely, Ashdod (Figs. 3 and 4), Askalon, and Gaza (Fig. 5), are recognised by the survival of their names on the same or neighbouring spots; while two—namely, Ekron and Gath, lying inland, have changed their names and cannot be identified with certainty." Describing Askalon, where the Palestine

Exploration Fund is conducting important excavations (illustrated on page 1040), Professor Garstang says later: "Here, at any rate, within the circuit of the mighty ramparts of antiquity which protect it (Fig. 6), there was a reasonable prospect of getting direct evidence . . . that should lead eventually to a solution of the Philistine problem." Of Ashdod, we read in the Bible narrative: "And the Philistines took the ark of God, and brought it from Eben-ezer unto Ashdod. When the Philistines took the ark of God, they brought it into the house of Dagon, and set it by Dagon." (I. Samuel v., 1 and 2).

OF THE RACE THAT GAVE PALESTINE ITS NAME: PHILISTINE CITIES.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY COURTESY OF PROFESSOR JOHN GARSTANG, DIRECTOR OF THE BRITISH SCHOOL OF ARCHAEOLOGY IN JERUSALEM, AND OF THE PALESTINE DEPARTMENT OF ANTIQUITIES.

CONTINUING his article (on page 1038) from the point there indicated, near the end, Professor Garstang writes regarding the Palestine Exploration Fund's great excavations at Askalon: "The importance and position of this famous city was indicated in the introductory section of these articles. Here, at any rate, within the circuit of the mighty ramparts of antiquity which protect it (Fig. 6), there was a reasonable prospect of getting direct evidence, of collecting and arranging material links in the chain of argument that should lead eventually to a solution of the Philistine problem. In pursuit of this investigation, the excavation has worked down in one field overlooking the sea, stage by stage until the lowest strata of occupation were reached almost at sea-level. The photograph shown in Fig. 7 indicates the depth and magnitude of this undertaking. The steps seen do not correspond necessarily with ancient levels, but are produced in the course of the excavation in order to facilitate the exact registration of everything seen and found. Some situations of ancient origin may, however, be discerned in the vertical face of the cutting; and these illustrate the method by which mounds in Palestine and elsewhere grow as a result of occupation. For the houses of the first-comers fall into decay, whether by fire or by action of rain and other agencies. The artificial floor of the house generally remains, visible as a definite layer, and the débris of decay overlies it, clearly distinguishable to a trained eye. Destruction by fire will leave charred timber; gradual decay will leave visible striations, which are intensified from

[Continued opposite.]



FIG. 5.—WHERE SAMSON CARRIED OFF THE GATES AND PULLED DOWN DAGON'S TEMPLE ON THE PHILISTINES: MODERN GAZA.

Continued.]

time to time by exceptional rains or other causes. Upon such a deposit, the newcomers commence to build their new houses, first levelling the pre-existing débris, digging new foundations or re-using the old ones. New foundations may traverse even the lower floor. The new floor and walls and roofs are constructed, to fall into decay or to be destroyed in their turn, leaving an ever-increasing accumulation which in the course of ages constitutes the mound. Each house had its pottery vessels and household effects. These got broken and lost in the ground, and so each level yields up now to the careful excavator its own witness. Naturally, a trained and conscientious investigator only can grapple with a problem of this kind, and no other should attempt it. The workmen, too, must be trained to a method which should be as fool-proof and mischief-proof as possible. That employed in this case was a division of the earth vertically and horizontally into steps of one metre. Every object or fragment found in each step was carefully collected and put on one side, and notes made of the all-important stratifications in the cutting, before any adjacent cutting was commenced. The result has been an identification not only of the Philistine levels, but of the ages which preceded and which followed, as well as the collection and registration of a very plentiful material drawn from the common, and hence most characteristic, objects of each period. It is already possible to discern and distinguish the changes introduced by the Philistines at their coming, and to recognise how, as generation succeeded generation, these

[Continued below.]



FIG. 7.—SHOWING THE STEP-BY-STEP METHOD OF EXCAVATION DOWN TO THE LOWEST STRATA OF OCCUPATION: THE PALESTINE EXPLORATION FUND'S GREAT WORK AT ASKALON, WHICH HAS IDENTIFIED THE PHILISTINE LEVELS AND THOSE OF PRECEDING AND SUBSEQUENT AGES.

Continued.]

distinctive characteristics were lost, and the arts of the Philistines in this respect were merged more and more with those of their Semitic neighbours. While it has not been possible to recognise as yet the source from which the Philistines derived the objects or art-motives which this excavation has disclosed, there has been recovered a plentiful and precious scientific material by which eventually the original home of the Philistines will be traced, while serving at once to recognize Philistine handiwork elsewhere in Palestine wherever research may find such.

For the present, the immediate problem before the Palestine Exploration Fund is to trace and follow up the distribution of Philistine remains throughout the neighbouring plain, and to that end investigations are shortly to be undertaken at Gaza and among the mounds that lie away to the south." The story of Samson and Delilah, of his carrying off the gates of Gaza, and of his breaking the pillars of the temple of Dagon, so that the roof fell on the assembled Philistines, is told in the Book of Judges (Chapter xvi).

A CHRISTMAS TREE FOR THE BIRDS: GUESTS AT THE PARTY.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, C. E. TURNER, FROM MATERIAL SUPPLIED BY MRS. HOWARD PEASE.



HUNG WITH COCONUTS, BRAZIL NUTS, CHAINS OF MONKEY NUTS, AND SUET: A CHRISTMAS TREE FOR WILD BIRDS.

The originator of this excellent idea, Mrs. Howard Pease, of Otterburn Tower, Northumberland, writes: "I get a small spruce out of the plantation and plant it, temporarily, in a heavy tub (it can be replanted afterwards). It is best put in a sheltered place, and very pleasant to have it in front of a window, from which one can watch and enjoy the birds which haunt it from morning till night. It wants frequent replenishing in hard weather. The tree should be not too thick, or else a little cutting away of some branches should be done, so that the coconuts are free, otherwise the sparrows get more than their share.

"I find that the long chains of monkey nuts (threaded on a string by using a long needle) not only add to the effect, but are greatly enjoyed by the tits—when once they have discovered them, which they do not do for a few days. Then they will clear a whole chain in a day—sometimes leaving the shells almost entire—a most skilful feat! The larger birds—blackbirds, thrushes, and so on, can be supplied on the ground round the tub with grain and meal, thus adding to the picture." A Birds' Christmas tree might well be instituted in all gardens and parks.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.—C.R.]

BOOKS OF THE DAY

By J. D. SYMON.

A LITERARY event of the moment is the appearance of Volume I. of "THE FARINGTON DIARY" (Hutchinson, 21s.), which has attracted so much attention since Jan. 23 of this year, when its serial publication began in the *Morning Post*. These MS. diaries of Joseph Farington, R.A., who, though almost forgotten, was one of the most extraordinary men of his period (1747-1821), were noticed in a sale-room by a member of the *Morning Post* staff. He recognised their value, and at his suggestion they were purchased by that newspaper. It is believed that these intimate personal records will take their place with Pepys and Evelyn. Farington, "the Dictator of the Royal Academy," counted among his friends all the notables of his day. He was no great artist, but all men valued his influence and friendship. A Turner or a Constable wishing to be elected an A.R.A., a Lawrence, a Hoppner, or a Wilkie anxious to secure full Academic honours, eagerly sought Farington's favour. His diary gives vivid personal descriptions of French Revolutionary leaders; it throws new light on Chatham, Pitt, Fox, Sheridan, Byron, Moore, Coleridge, Wordsworth, Burns, Napoleon, Wellington, Blücher, Nelson, Howe, Hood, and many lesser people. Nothing worth noting escaped him. Mr. James Greig, who superintended the serial publication, has edited the text with minute care and learning. The entries in this volume range from July 13, 1793, to Oct. 25, 1801; but the later portions are still appearing in the journal which owns the copyright. Serial publication was originally intended to run for six weeks only, but the Diary brought so much interesting correspondence and so many requests for further extracts that the daily instalments had to be continued. Students of Society in the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries will find the Farington diary indispensable.

The historian of English Society, who takes as his period the years 1890-1922, would find material for an amusing chapter in the fiction of the time. If he were concerned with a certain type of young man who persists, with variations, in the novels from that day to this, he would probably trace the literary ancestry of the species back to Mr. G. S. Street's "Autobiography of a Boy," which led the way in "end of the century" portraits of clever, well-bred, irresponsible and rather futile young impertinence.

The type was precocious; it knew too much too early, and didn't know enough to insure its making any progress in understanding. It turned a *blasé* eye on life, and had a plaguey knack of summing up every person and every situation in a shallow epigram. By this I do not mean that Mr. Street's book was shallow; on the contrary, it seized and represented the disillusioned young man with singular skill and penetration. His work was powerful enough to set a fashion that still attracts the novelist.

Not long after the Boy made his appearance, Mr. Hichens gave him a kinsman in Lord Reggie Hastings. It is hard to say which of the two worthies gave the other points in gay irreverence towards all things, human and divine. At a considerable interval the type again became acute in the late "Saki's" novel, "The Unbearable Bassington." By the time that book appeared the modern young person of both sexes was feeling quite secure in the saddle, and had begun that headlong gallop which has so increased the gaiety of life and the circulating libraries.

The same young person of the more deadly sex took rather longer to come fully into her own, although the male pioneers had a formidable contemporary rival in "Dodo." Of recent years her name has become Legion. She masquerades variously as Sonia, Barbara Neave, Lady Queenie, Fiammetta, Gina Maryon, Hermione Roddice, Miss Blond, Lady Blandula Merris, and (more chaste) Lady Caroline Dester, to name only a few examples. This enthusiast is very nearly as ubiquitous in fiction as a famous artist, without whose caricature or indiscreetly veiled portrait no novel of a certain kind seems now to be complete. The artist is One and Indivisible; the ladies are as infinite in their variety as such minor Cleopatras have a right to be, but, nevertheless, it is easy to refer them, rightly or wrongly, to one original. It

was a type that blazed its trail across the meteoric summer of 1913, and still predominated in the war years. That summer has just been described by Mr. Michael Arlen in his new novel, "PIRACY" (Collins; 7s. 6d.). His view may be useful one day to our social historian:

Everyone tried to learn the tango that season, and then everyone decided that it wasn't *really* a ballroom dance. Young women began to look like the portraits that the fashionable painters were painting of them—lovely but "un-temperamental"; and the middle-aged men shook their heads over them, saying that these young women have no temperament. But the young women knew better, for whereas their Victorian mothers had baffled men with reticence, they baffled men with candour. . . . Dancing increased in popularity and violence, night clubs became fashionable, and young ladies were sometimes seen drunk in them. . . . Samarcand was just then becoming fashionable among those who go down to the sea in poetry.

Mr. Arlen's story covers a period earlier and later than that whirling time. His hero is an epigrammatic introspective young man not unrelated to the Boy, to Bassington, and to certain people of importance who adorn more recent novels, particularly the new fiction of the public school. But Ivor Pelham Marlay's forcible ejection from school is only a brief prelude to adventures which carry him up into the early thirties.

Those adventures teach him many things about temperamental women, who certainly do not lack for candour, and who break one article of the Decalogue "at the top of their voice." The book is a brilliant picture of its own world, but, despite its brilliancy, one lays it down wondering whether it is not, after all, a jester's Anatomy of Melancholy. I still think Mr. Arlen's *métier* is the short story. His last episode would have made an admirable short story by itself, in "The Romantic Lady" vein, under

indicates tendencies, but the picture of one section of society must not be accepted as true of the whole. The amiable vagaries of clever and high-spirited young people do not necessarily imply the utter unscrupulousness suggested by one class of present-day novels. To this, memoirs supply a useful corrective. The first volume of Mrs. Asquith's book, for example, although it described a mad-cap *colerie*, over whose antics certain of the judicious grieved, was no index of depravity. It is now seen to be merely the salad-day prelude to a work of serious purpose. Sufficient proof of this will be found in Vol. II. of "THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF MARGOT ASQUITH" (Butterworth; 25s.), which must take a high place among intimate personal records of our own times. Mrs. Asquith has handled great events and great personalities with skill, judgment, shrewd observation, admirable restraint, and a deep sense of responsibility. The second volume is a most valuable key to much political history of the last five-and-twenty years.

The fearless Englishwoman who knows how to be dashing and adventurous without blatancy looks out from the pages of "THE INDISCRETIONS OF LADY SUSAN," by Lady Susan Townley (Butterworth; 21s.). The book is a most interesting and enjoyable record of diplomatic life in Rome, Lisbon, Berlin, Constantinople, China, North and South America, and Palestine since the late 'nineties, and, during the last period of the war, in Belgium and Holland. Lady Susan, daughter of the late Earl of Albemarle, has always a racy story to tell, and she is as good a story-teller as she is a sportswoman. With only her chauffeur for escort, she carried Foreign Office despatches across Persia. At one point on the rough road she made a dangerous passage that had baffled a car-load of Germans. "You bet," said the chauffeur, "we're not going to funk it before them Germans." British chivalry even threw a helpful rope to the stranded Teutons. Lady Susan has written a breezy, jolly book, and one in which the indiscretions are marvelously discreet.

Indiscretions about another corner of Society, that corner inhabited by the abstracts and brief chronicles of the time, our players, reach us from an observer who has been slow to rush into print, considering her opportunities. But, at last, that theatrical institution, "the Stage Cat," has consented to mew in type about the things she has seen when the curtain is down and up. Theatrical gossip can be amusing, and the Cat manages her pastoral, comical, historical, tragical little entertainment very well. The book, to give it its full designation, is "FROM THE WINGS," by the Stage Cat, edited by Elisabeth Fagan (Collins; 10s. 6d.). It is not too feline, but just feline enough. Everybody who is, or was, anybody on the stage of recent years is there, and the Cat makes the inevitable addition to the Tree anecdote. The story—a good one—is new to me, and I hope, new to the general public.

Coming now to the bottom rung of the social ladder, we have a series of essays by Mr. J. D. Beresford, which is rather out of his usual line, having been written to accompany photographs by Mr. E. O. Hoppé. It is a study of seven types of humanity, all but one of which are drawn from the lower circles—a Tramp, a Cabman, a Drug-Fiend, a Pedlar, an old Country-woman, a Courtesan, and a Charwoman. Both essays and photographs are impressive human documents. Mr. Beresford wishes the photographer to have the chief credit of "TAKEN FROM LIFE" (Collins; 10s. 6d.), as Mr. Hoppé "invented" the book; but the one collaborator is necessary to the other, and text and photographs together make a remarkable unity. Mr. Beresford adds to the work an original paper, "Relatives," the story of a man's approach to the writing of an essay on sociology.



"DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS IN 'ROBIN HOOD': STRAPPED TO A POST—AN INCIDENT IN THE FILM PLAY AT THE LONDON PAVILION."



IN A WONDERFUL FILM SETTING OF NOTTINGHAM CASTLE: MISS ENID BENNETT (RIGHT) AS MAID MARIAN—A SCENE FROM "DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS IN 'ROBIN HOOD,'" AT THE LONDON PAVILION.

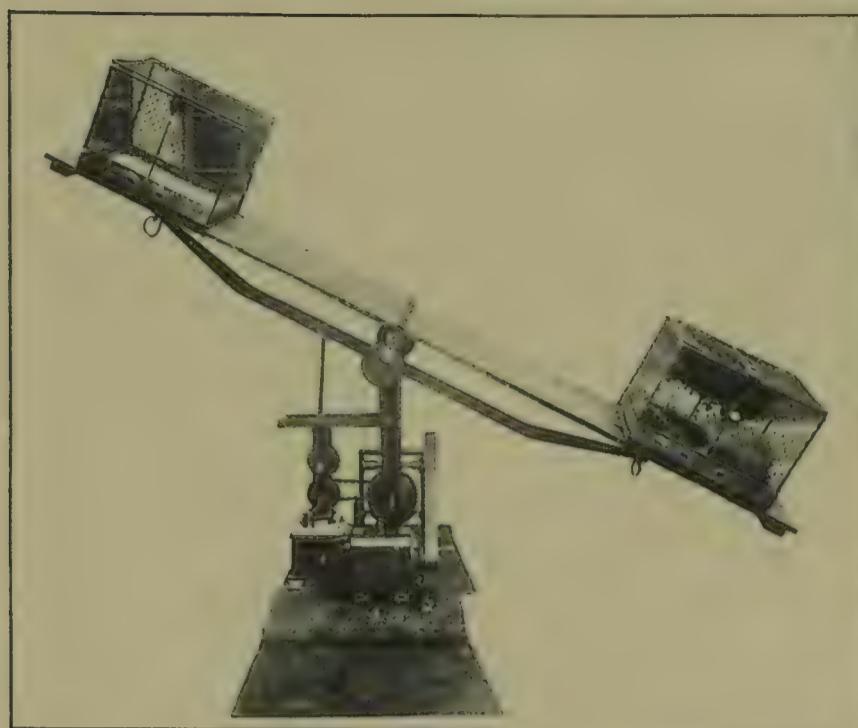
"Douglas Fairbanks in 'Robin Hood,'" a film play produced at the London Pavilion on December 16, has a splendid setting of Nottingham Castle in the days of the famous outlaw and his merry men. Douglas Fairbanks makes a fine Robin Hood, and Miss Enid Bennett a charming Maid Marian.

the title (one might suggest), "How Pamela came Home with the Milk."

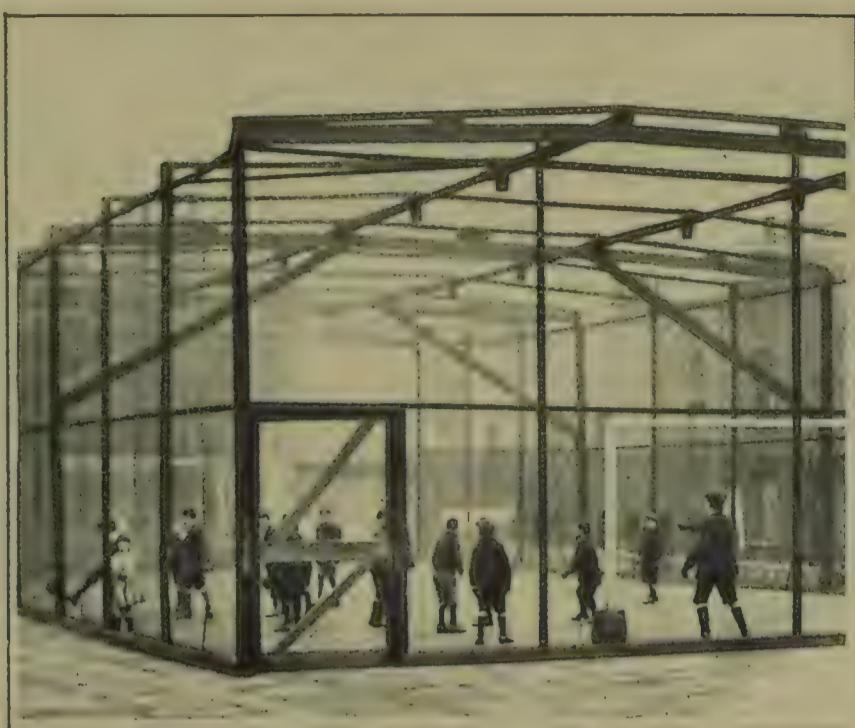
The story about the lighter world may not be altogether a trustworthy guide to the historian. It

OFF THE BEATEN TRACK: A PAGE OF CURIOSITIES.

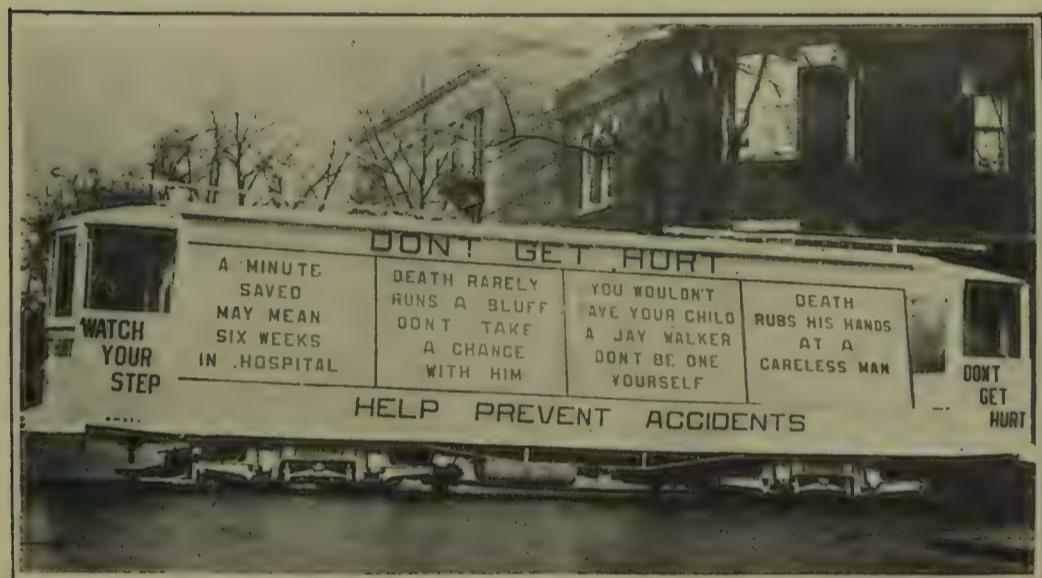
PHOTOGRAPHS BY FLEET AGENCY, TOPICAL, DR. ALFRED GRADENWITZ (BERLIN), AND KEYSTONE VIEW CO.



TRYING IT ON THE RABBIT: A FRENCH INVENTOR'S SEE-SAW DEVICE FOR THE STUDY OF SEA-SICKNESS AND ITS PREVENTION.



FOOTBALL IN A CAGE: AN INGENIOUS STRUCTURE IN BERMONDSEY WHERE BOYS CAN PLAY WITHOUT BREAKING WINDOWS.



"SAFETY FIRST" WARNINGS AS THE AMERICANS GIVE THEM: A STREET CAR IN WASHINGTON ADVISING PEDESTRIANS AGAINST TRYING TO "BLUFF" DEATH OR BECOMING "JAY WALKERS."



WITH CONTACTS ON THUMB AND FOREFINGER: A HAGUE POLICEMAN'S ILLUMINATED HAND FOR NIGHT TRAFFIC-CONTROL.



PROBABLY THE OLDEST IN THE WORLD: A "ROULETTE" BOARD OF 1700.



NOT A SKATING AND CURLING RINK, AS IT MIGHT SEEM: SAN FRANCISCO WORKMEN SCREWING JACKS ON THE FOUNDATIONS OF A HUGE GASOMETER.



WITH HAND ILLUMINATED: A DUTCH POLICEMAN CONTROLS NIGHT TRAFFIC.

The first photograph (taking them in order from the top and from left to right) shows an instrument devised in France for studying the effects of rhythmic movement on animals. A $\frac{1}{2}$ -h.p. motor oscillates the see-saw with a motion like the rolling and pitching of a ship at sea. Rabbits and other small animals are placed in the cages, and by testing preventatives for sea-sickness it is hoped in time to find a remedy.—The Bermondsey Borough Council have erected in the congested neighbourhood of Coxon Place a "cage" in which boys can play football without breaking windows.—In the United States, as here, measures are taken to protect the pedestrian from the dangers of street traffic and the fatal effects of his own temerity. The words of the warnings on a Washington street car have a refreshing

Transatlantic flavour.—The ancient "roulette table," with spiral, and bagatelle holes on a round board, was recently exhibited at Nuremberg. It dates from 1700 and is said to be the oldest in the world.—The photograph of some 300 San Francisco workmen laying, by means of jacks, the foundations of what will be the largest of all gas-tanks, for the Pacific Gas and Electric Company, looks at first sight like a rink for skating and curling.—The authorities at The Hague have adopted an electrical device for illuminating the hand of a policeman controlling traffic at night. It consists of a white glove, with four small electric lamps, which are lit by pressing together contacts fixed to the thumb and forefinger. The current is supplied by two small accumulators.

The World of Women



THE ELEGANCE OF THE DRAPED DRESS.
Of black crêpe romain, this evening dress relies
on the grace of its drapery for effect. It comes
from Marshall and Snelgrove.

scarlet-clad Father Christmas caused the most spontaneous outburst; although Lady Burnham, who deputised for the Guild's president, her husband, and made the children a dear little speech, got a real rousing triple cheer. Each girlie had a frock, a doll, and a woollie; and each boy a book or a toy, knickers or shirt. The sexes were not on an equality, but we cannot complain, for ours had the best of it. It was a delightful party, and the shrill childish cheers were good to hear. They proved that enthusiasm is still alive in the rising generation; there are times when it seems as dead as Queen Anne in ours.

Dances are now nightly occurrences, and girls' wardrobes are not a little taxed to provide sufficient changes to satisfy their *amour propre*. One black evening frock is always a wise provision. An all-over-jet frock, such as can be obtained from Debenham and Freebody's at 7½ guineas, is a stand-by in any wardrobe. Supplied with different girdles and cleverly devised touches of colour, it is more easily transformed and gives more frequent inconspicuous yet satisfactory service than any other. White is the next least remarkable wear, and is also capable of different aspects, but far less long-lived than black. A clever maiden, who looked her best in blue, decided to wear that colour always in the evening, and found it an economical decision. The reason given by her was that her brother liked her to wear blue. That undependable young man confided to some of his girl friends that he was fairly sick of blue; his sister's dresses were all that colour, which he detested. The other fellow's sister was probably in pink!

The staff of life is sometimes a very undependable reed. Our people believe in white bread, and eat it in quantities. As a matter of fact, the process of milling introduced over thirty years ago, making the flour almost purely white, extracted from it the tiny portion of the wheat which is its chief value as food. The nutritive value of bread to the body was therefore lowered. To Mr. Richard Smith, of Macclesfield, fell the honour of discovering this and inventing the dependable staff of life—Hovis bread. By his perfected process, correctly and scientifically treating the valuable germ in the wheat, defects were obliterated. Hovis flour not only

A MERRY CHRISTMAS! What a real good old-English sound it has!—and I do most heartily desire it for all readers. It is a season when, despite all the changes that have thronged upon us so fast in the last eight years, and still do throng, we feel in the atmosphere goodwill, and hope that it (which is God-will) is to establish peace on earth. I believe that more and finer presents have been bought than for a few years past. I know that efforts on behalf of good causes have never been more strenuous. Now, Christmas is largely a family affair. Happily, the traveller and the stranger and those away from their homes are catered for in hotels, and the cheaper railway fares have enabled many to join their family circles; so it bids fair to be a right merry time, and here's for good luck all round!

I heard eight hundred children cheering one night not long ago. Never could there be a shriller roar—if it could be so described. It was a mixture of enthusiasm and excitement. The gallant eight hundred had just got themselves outside a tea that, to say the truth, looked as if it must cause them some inconvenience. It was not to their lungs, anyway! My! how they cheered! They were children from a poor district of Hoxton, and the Sunshine Guild—a happy name—was giving them a Christmas festival. Queen Alexandra sent them a message; the Prince of Wales sent them a message—oh, how they cheered! But I think the appearance of a wee silver-and-white fairy and a

contains the germ and the Endosperm, but twenty-five per cent. of pure germ is added. With the free addition of butter or fat, Hovis is not far from a complete food. So there is the real staff of life to depend upon!

Queen Alexandra has not been about much of late. It is advisable for her to avoid fatigue and excitement, as she is somewhat frail, and an attack of bronchitis, to which her Majesty is very subject, is greatly dreaded because of this. Happily, her spirits are good, and she takes keen interest in all that is going on, and loves seeing old friends like Earl Howe, the Countess of Derby, the Countess of Gosford, the Marchioness of Lansdowne, and others who are, or have been recently, in town. The society of the Empress Marie of Russia is a great pleasure. I am told that the august sisters so far follow the precepts of M. Coué as never to talk about tragedies, but to look always on the bright side of life, and have on many days musical afternoons. Each is probably so anxious to cheer up the other that great mutual benefit results.

Is it pleasanter to sell fish on a winter day or to sell old clothes in underground rooms? Some of our titled ladies of light

REMINISCENT OF TANAGRA.

With only a bunch of scarlet flowers to relieve the sombreness of the black georgette, the elegance of this dress lies in its simplicity. It can be had from Marshall and Snelgrove.

and leading could tell us, for they have tried both in the interest of the Settlement in Dockland which does such an enormous amount of good among the lads and lasses of that dreary and drab and often poverty-stricken district. It cannot be pleasant to handle fish; still less to handle old boots, shoes, hats, and clothes—yet these noble women do it for a cause that they personally know to be so useful. Lady Juliet Trevor, Lady Avice Menzies, Lady Evelyn Ward are three out of a number of well-known ladies who work for the clubs in Dockland, and not only for them, but at them, and whose courage is high, for they take their work as a happy sort of joke.

The Queen was very pleased indeed with the work of the Disabled Men of the War Service Legion which the Marchioness of Londonderry had on exhibition and for sale in the picture-gallery in Londonderry House. Her Majesty bought a *courte-pied*, now very much in vogue again, but of a kind very different from those wool atrocities that our grandmothers called sofa-blankets. These are really draught-protectors for silk-clad legs and feet during a siesta, or even when writing or working. The Queen's was of moss-green velvet fringed and bordered with gold, and embroidered in a coat-of-arms in the mediæval style and colours, introduced by the Marchioness of Titchfield from designs which she brought from Spain. Then the lining is cream-coloured Persian lamb fur, so cosy, soft, and warm. There were many more royal purchases, and also quite a lot by Princess Mary, including two of those frosted and plain silver hair-bands which her Royal Highness likes so much. What was in modern idiom called "dinky" was the bedspread for the chief bedroom in the dolls' house designed by Sir Edwin Lutyens for the Queen. It is of ivory-white corded silk, and in the centre a big old English silver "M" entwined in forget-me-nots and surmounted with the Queen's crown in correct colours. It is rather wonderful to think of the hands that dug trenches, worked big guns, cleaned and used rifles, and cut wire doing such beautifully delicate stitchery; and the owners of the hands thoroughly enjoy and take the keenest interest in the work. Princess Victoria and Princess Helena Victoria were also admiring purchasers; and Lady Londonderry, the Marchioness of Titchfield, Lady Maureen Stanley, and Lady Mond were sellers.—A. E. L.



OF BLACK CHIFFON VELVET AND LACE.

The velvet is draped from the left shoulder, and has an overskirt of black lace, which develops into a side train. It is designed by Marshall and Snelgrove

GOOD-BYE TO ERIN ! IRISH CROWDS CHEER DEPARTING BRITISH TROOPS.

PHOTOGRAPH BY SPORT AND GENERAL.



THE LAST OF THE BRITISH ARMY LEAVING THE IRISH FREE STATE: AN AFFECTIONATE DEMONSTRATION ON THE QUAY AT NORTH WALL AS THE TRANSPORT STEAMS DOWN THE LIFFEY FOR ENGLAND.

The British troops left Southern Ireland amid a wonderful demonstration of friendliness, for, in spite of the duties they had to perform in earlier days, the troops themselves were highly popular. The evacuation was completed on Sunday, December 17, when the last of the transports steamed away from Dublin. Large crowds cheered them as they marched through the city to North Wall, and gathered on the quays to wave farewell. When the bands played the National

Anthem, spectators present drank the King's health in cups of tea. As the troop-ships steamed down the Liffey, all the vessels in the harbour sounded their sirens and dipped their flags. "By early afternoon," writes Mr. F. B. Harvey, "the troops were all embarked, and the transports, swinging out into the tideway, convoyed by destroyers, dropped downstream and were swallowed up in the mists. To the end knots of people stood straining their eyes into the fog."

RADIO NOTES.

AT the top of Marconi House, London, there is a room which is the centre from which radio-telephony concerts are transmitted nightly by the British Broadcasting Company, for the enjoyment of thousands of listeners in London and elsewhere. The walls and ceiling of the room are draped with pleated fabric, and the floor carpeted, with the object of preventing sound-echoes from reaching the transmitter. The microphone, by means of which the concerts are conveyed to the public, is quite a small affair, placed in the centre of the room. Near by is a grand piano of beautiful tone, which may be played in the usual way, or by mechanical action when desired. A set of tubular bells hung in a frame is an interesting feature of the room, as it is by the striking of these bells at different hours that listeners are able to time their clocks and watches and to synchronise them with the Marconi House clock. The pleasant and distinct voice which announces nightly, "Hullo CQ! Hullo everybody! '2 LO.'—the London Broadcasting Station calling," is that of Mr. A. M. Burrows, who is gifted with rare qualities of speech especially suited to the requirements of broadcasting. During the concerts there are occasional intervals, each of three minutes' duration, ordained by official regulations; and no one, to be sure, can object to these intervals when Mr. Burrows, in his inimitable style, announces: "There will now be another one of those *horrible* little intervals"—but he always holds our interest by giving details of the next item on the programme. There are those who would prefer the abolition of the intervals, but, as a matter of fact, they are a boon in many ways. For example, radio amateurs are able to make adjustments or slight alterations in their receiving arrangements. Batteries of valve sets may be switched off and the current saved there, or one may listen-in to some other station which happens to be transmitting at the time. A lady has written to say that she was glad of the intervals, as they gave her opportunities for attending to her cooking! The Director of Music at Marconi House is Mr. L. Stanton Jefferies, A.R.C.M., who is responsible for the concert arrangements, and he frequently plays pianoforte solos and accompanies other performers.

With the exception of the microphone, the remainder of the transmitting plant is situated in another part of the building, into which the wires from the microphone are brought. The quality of any particular item which is being broadcast can be made known by telephonic conversation from the transmitting engineer to the concert director. This is important, for if an artist is performing too far from or too near to the microphone, the sounds might be transmitted in such manner as to cause poor reception by the unseen audience.

A microphone has a disc of metal in contact with grains of carbon. Electric current passes through

our private aerials. Two more British Broadcasting stations have opened recently, one at Birmingham—"2 WP," 425 metres—and the other at Manchester—"2 ZY," 385 metres. As these—and London—are each on different wave-lengths, owners of multi-valve receiving-sets are able to switch on to whichever station they may be interested to hear.

In addition, we have the 8 p.m. Tuesday evening transmissions from Writtle—"2 MT," 400 metres; also we may listen to the Eiffel Tower, Paris—"FL," 2600 metres—each evening between 6 and 7 p.m. Between 8 and 9 p.m. we may hear concerts from the Société Radio Electrique, Paris, 1565 metres. Then we have the Dutch concerts from the Hague—"PCGG," 1085 metres—every Thursday evening, and on Sundays from 3 until 5 p.m. The Hague transmissions can be heard in London on a single-valve receiver. Great interest has been aroused by the reception in England, on a three-valve Burndep receiving set, of radio-telephony concerts broadcast from New York. Hitherto, long-distance reception of low-power transmissions was always considered to be one of the freaks of radio, but in this case the reception was deliberately sought.

Licenses for broadcast receivers issued by the Post Office state that valve sets must not be allowed to oscillate; but it is surprising to note the growth, day by day, of the weird howls and squeals which are sent forth by careless users of valve receiving-sets. Such noises interfere with the enjoyment of the concerts by those in the vicinity of the delinquents, and it is becoming a nightly occurrence for the broadcasting company to issue to a named locality a special request for the nuisance to stop.

If, whilst tuning in on a valve set, a loud squeal should be heard, it should be got rid of immediately by slightly altering the tuning adjustment. Often the turning of a condenser knob by a fraction of an inch will cut out the squealing and will enable the concert to come in purely. Sometimes the trouble may be caused by the valves being lighted too brightly, and if so the filament current should be reduced until the howling ceases.

Too much current from the high-tension, or "plate," battery may cause indifferent reception, and if this should be so, the battery should be plugged down to a lower voltage.

W. H. S.



AN AERIAL TORPEDO PHOTOGRAPHED IN FLIGHT: FRENCH AVIATION EXPERIMENTS AT VILLACOUBLAY.

During aviation trials at Villacoublay recently, experiments were made in torpedo-launching from a Levasseur aeroplane. Our photograph was taken at the moment the torpedo was released, and shows it in the air just below the machine.—[Photograph by Rol.]

the microphone, and during periods of silence the current remains quite steady; but directly sound-waves strike the disc it vibrates in sympathy with the frequency of the waves. The vibrations cause differences in the electrical resistance of the carbon grains, and the current changes in strength as it is affected by sounds of varying frequencies, ranging from low to high pitch. In this condition the current carrying the effect of the sound-modulations is conveyed to other apparatus, where it is greatly magnified, and passed up to the aerial wires, and so broadcast into space, until the radio waves strike

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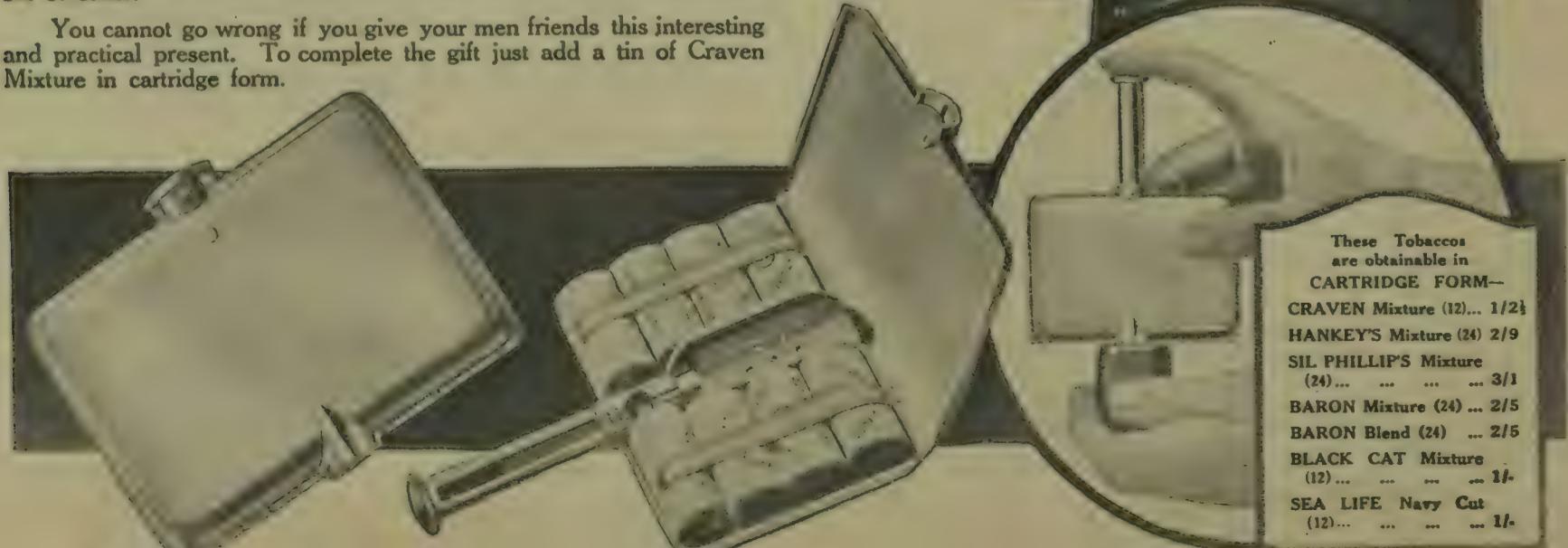
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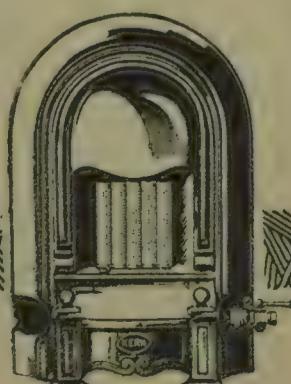
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THE WORLD OF MUSIC.

A NEW VIEW OF HANDEL.

TO the early Victorians Handel was the greatest composer who ever lived. To the late Victorians he was either a public institution or a tedious Philistine. In any case, he survived solely by his oratorios, and by only a few of them.

Provincial choral societies still go on performing "The Messiah" at Christmas or on Good Friday, but it is a semi-religious rite rather than a musical entertainment. The ordinary concert-goers do not attend it, and those who do attend it do not support ordinary concerts. The people who consider themselves really musical go to hear the Christmas Oratorio or the Passion Music of Bach when they want to combine music with devotion. Thirty years ago one used to hear people solemnly discussing the question of whether Bach or Handel was the greater musician.

The chief missionaries of the Bach cult in those days were the Bach Choir in London and the Bach Choir in Oxford. But in 1882 there was founded in London a Handel Society, which presumably intended originally to devote itself to the preservation of the Handel cult. When I first began going to its concerts it had apparently felt that it must march with the times and bring out such novelties as Stanford's "Phaudrig Crohoore," of which I believe it gave the first London performance. The members were drawn from the cultivated classes, like those of the Bach Choir. It very seldom gave public concerts, but it has continued to exist down to the present day, and at its private performances has often produced very interesting works. The present conductor of the Society is Mr. Eugene Goossens, whose name is a guarantee of its artistic vitality.

Last week the Society invited its friends to a performance of "Judas Maccabaeus" in the hall of the Royal College of Music. Those who connect "Judas Maccabaeus" mainly with the old Handel Festivals at the Crystal Palace may laugh when I say that I went to the performance in the anticipation of a

novel experience. Not that I can say that I had never heard "Judas Maccabaeus" before; but the Handel Society's performance of "Judas Maccabaeus" was indeed a novel experience, as I knew it would be. It was, to begin with, a work which the ordinary concert-goer never hears. Instead of being sung by an enormous chorus of unintelligent people under an

one most representative of the younger generation. The prevailing impression that the performance made upon me was that I was listening not to a survival of the famous English Handelian tradition, but to a revival of a long-forgotten masterpiece of "old music." It had something of the quality of Miss Dorothy Silk's concerts of old music, or of the performances of "The English Singers"—that is, it treated Handel as a dead language. The conventional performances of Handel used to treat his music as a language which, though long dead, was kept up for ritual purposes, whether it was understood of the people or not. These modern performances of old music treat it as a dead language, but as a dead language which scholarship can restore to its own life. The Handel Society, if they had a little more scholarship, might do wonderful things with Handel. They have the right kind of minds with which to tackle the problem; they have a delicate and spontaneous appreciation which made itself felt quite sub-consciously in their delivery of certain words or phrases, and they have a natural sense of style. But this sense of style requires directing, and, though Mr. Goossens has the natural sense of style in a very high degree, with a wonderfully quick sense of appreciation for all sorts of music, ancient or modern, he has still a little to learn about the interpretation of Handel. I am all in favour of a modern point of view in the interpretation of old music. Its interpretation must continually change in relation to the changes which take place in contemporary music. We must not try to make Handel sound like Mendelssohn, Brahms, or Ravel, as the case may be; but we must remember that certain things in Handel which puzzled the generation of Brahms may be at once intelligible to the generation of Ravel, and vice versa. The music of the present day differs from that of Handel in various ways; but the fact that modern music employs harmonies and instruments unknown to Handel is a small matter in comparison with the fact that, whereas Handel may be said to have conceived music as *legato*, the modern age conceives it mainly as *staccato*. Hence

[Continued overleaf.]



"A GREAT SINGER, A GREAT ARTIST, AND A GREAT GENTLEMAN": THE GERVASE ELWES MÉMORIAL UNVEILED IN THE QUEEN'S HALL.

The memorial was unveiled at the Queen's Hall by Viscountess Lee of Fareham, as illustrated on another page. Tributes to the work and personality of Gervase Elwes were also paid by Cardinal Bourne, Lord Shaftesbury, Sir Hugh Allen, Dr. Walford Davies, and Mr. Robert McEwen. The Earl of Denbigh returned thanks on behalf of Lady Winefride Elwes. The inscription reads: "Gervase Elwes. Born, Northants, 1866. Died, Boston, U.S.A., 1921. This bust is placed here in affectionate memory by the sculptor, Malvina Hoffman, and other American friends."—[Photograph by Topical.]

unintelligent and elderly conductor, it was given by a small body of voices, and by people who approached it with a cultivated sense of musical and literary values. Mr. Goossens is of all our conductors the

harmonies and instruments unknown to Handel is a small matter in comparison with the fact that, whereas Handel may be said to have conceived music as *legato*, the modern age conceives it mainly as *staccato*. Hence

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Continued.]

the great difficulty for all modern people when they perform Handel or any other old composer is to put themselves into a frame of mind in which they feel music vocally rather than instrumentally.

Of the three soloists, Mr. Arthur Cranmer was by far the best, and the reason was, obviously, because he has been trained as a modern English opera-singer. He takes the part of Dalua in "The Immortal Hour." This has taught him to sing Handel's recitatives swiftly and clearly, with a sense of their dramatic value. Miss Lucia Young showed considerable musical and literary understanding; but her voice is not yet fully under control. Handel demands technically finished singing. The tenor made a strange contrast, for he had evidently learned his part in the old-fashioned Victorian school of oratorio.

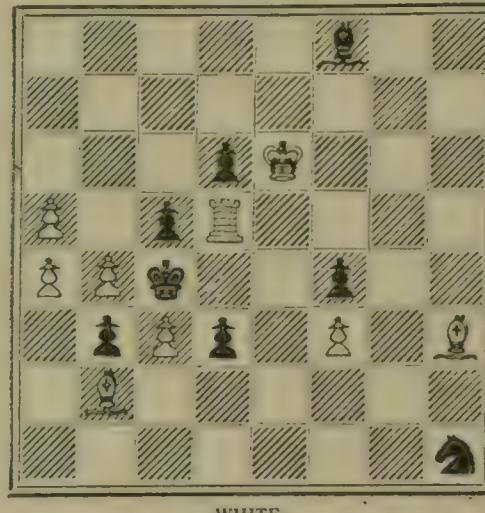
It was interesting to compare this performance of the Handel Society with those which I heard last May at the Handel Festival held at the composer's birthplace, Halle, in Saxony. The Germans have never had a Handel tradition like ours. There are some German critics who regard Handel as only fit for English ears. The oratorio performances at Halle, though certainly interesting, were not on a high level. They showed a most conscientious industry, but little real aesthetic intelligence. Every *forte*, every *piano* was accurately executed by that sternly drilled chorus, but never for a moment could I feel, as one can even in the most Philistine of English provincial performances, that these people were singing Handel because they loved him. It was evident that to his own fellow-citizens "Mr. Handel" was very much of a foreigner. But, even though they did not sing him as he ought to be sung, they deserved a certain respect, and can set us English a certain example, for they performed a number of very unfamiliar works, such as "Semele" and "Susanna," and seemed to have no difficulty in filling the largest churches and concert-halls of the town with enthusiastic audiences. English people can certainly sing Handel with a natural sympathy for his style, but they seldom take much trouble about it. For this reason we may be especially grateful to the Handel Society, and I hope that it will continue in the same path and give us more frequent opportunities of enjoying the numerous works of Handel which to the majority of musical people are utterly unknown.

EDWARD J. DENT.

To CORRESPONDENTS.—Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor, 25, Essex Street, Strand, W.C.2.
W R KINSEY (Sydenham).—We are all very pleased to hear from you again, and your problem is quite good.
JAMES M K LUPTON (Richmond).—Your three-mover yields to a direct attack by 1. B to B 6th (ch).
F S BURTON (Greenwich).—You are quite right, but the point is immaterial. It is only another way of winning, and White chose his own method. Which is the better is necessarily a matter of opinion.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3895.—By JAMES M. K. LUPTON.
WHITE BLACK
1. P to Kt 7th Any move.
2. Mates accordingly.

PROBLEM No. 3897.—By G. STILLINGFLEET JOHNSON.
BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

CORRECT SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3892 received from George Parbury (Singapore); of No. 3893 from Frank H Rollison (Evansville, U.S.A.) and Casimer Dickson (Vancouver); of No. 3894 from Henry A Seller (Denver), Casimer Dickson, F E S Watkins (Montreal) and Frank H Rollison; of No. 3895 from W Strangman Hill (Palmerton), P W Hunt (Bridgewater), Frank H Rollison, Bernaldo de Quiros (Segovia, Spain) and Major R B Pearce (Harrisburg).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3896 received from J C Stackhouse (Torquay), J R Anderson (Bristol), Joseph Willcock (Southampton), C H Watson (Masham), E G B Barlow (Bournemouth), H Grasett Baldwin (Farnham), A Young (Brixton), Albert Taylor (Sheffield) and H W Satow (Bangor).

CHESS IN LONDON.
Game played in the Masters' Tournament of the British Chess Federation, between Dr. S. TARTAKOVER and Mr. V. WALTUCH.

(Queen's Pawn Opening)

WHITE (Dr. T.)	BLACK (Mr. W.)	WHITE (Dr. T.)	BLACK (Mr. W.)
1. P to Q 4th	Kt to K B 3rd	17. B to R 5 (ch)	K to Q sq
2. Kt to K B 3rd	P to K Kt 3rd	18. R to K sq	K to B 4th (ch)
3. Kt to B 3rd	P to Q 4th	19. K to R sq	B to Q B sq
4. B to B 4th	P to K 3rd	20. Q to B 3rd	
5. P to K R 3rd	B to Kt 2nd		

We cannot think this to be a good defence against the Q P opening. Let the present game show what future the B has at K Kt 2nd.

6. P to K 3rd	Q Kt to Q 2nd	17. B to Q 2nd	
7. B to K 2nd	P to Q Kt 3rd	21. Q to Kt 3rd	R to Q B sq
8. Castles	B to Kt 2nd	22. Q takes P	Q to B sq
9. Kt to K 5th	P to K 3rd	23. B to K 5th	R to K Kt sq
10. B to R 2nd	Kt takes Kt	24. B to B 3rd	
11. P takes Kt	Kt to Q 2nd		
12. P to B 4th	Q to K 2nd		

Black needs to Castle at the earliest possible opportunity; and, though his position is not a good one, he might well have ventured it here, followed by R to K sq and Kt to B sq.

13. P to K 4th	P to B 3rd	17. R takes P	K to B sq
14. P takes Q P	K P takes P	18. Q to R 4th	R to Q sq
15. P takes P	Kt takes P	19. K to R sq	K to R 4th, yields a
16. P to B 5th	P to B 5th	20. B to Q sq	winning combination.

The danger of Black's King is now apparent. He has no time to Castle.

21. P to Kt 4th	P to K Kt 4th	22. B takes P	R to Kt 3rd
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If R takes P, 25. Q R to Q sq

K to B sq, 26. Q to R 4th, yields a

27. B takes P R to Kt 3rd

28. Q R to Q sq B to Q 2nd

29. B to K 6th R to B 2nd

30. B takes R (ch) takes B

31. Q to K B 4 (ch) K to B sq

32. R takes B Resigns.

A finely played game by White.

The International Masters' Tournament at Vienna was distinguished by some reversals of recent form, notably by the recovery of Rubinstein Tarrasch and Maroczy, and the temporary decline of Alechin. The first-named played in his best style, and the final scores were: Rubinstein, 11½ points, first; Tartakover, 10, second; Wolf, 9½, third; Alechin, Maroczy and Tarrasch divided the 4th, 5th, and 6th prizes.

It is not every pipe-smoker who can fill his pipe properly, and even the deftest know the troubles that arise when the packing is either too tight or too loose. Both these evils are avoided by the use of that admirable invention, the Baron's Cartridge Case and Pipe-Filler, which can be got at any tobacconist's, or direct from the makers, Messrs. Carreras, 55, Piccadilly. It would make a most welcome Christmas gift, with just the needful touch of novelty, to any man who smokes a pipe. It fits the waistcoat pocket easily, and, being made of beautifully finished nickel, is as ornamental as a silver cigarette-case. The case contains eight cartridges, and by a very simple operation the pipe can be filled in a few seconds in a way that ensures a clear, cool, even-burning smoke.

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that are bright all the time."—Aikin.*

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SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

"NATURE-FAKERS."

THE term "Nature-Fakers" was coined by the late Colonel Theodore Roosevelt, to designate those writers of Natural History books who strive to present the creatures of which they write as though they were psychologically on the same plane as man himself. They, in short, endow animals with human notions and motions, and with like reasoning powers. This is a conception wholly misleading, not to say mischievous. It is a vice, however, which is not confined to American writers, and it is spreading. Distortion can sometimes even be traced in scientific writings. When it occurs it is called "the personal equation"! It is to be attributed, sometimes, to a too intense belief in a particular theory, which distorts facts and warps judgment; and sometimes to downright mental aberration.

It is not easy to determine precisely how much we are to put down to observed fact and how much to deficient judgment in the case of the work of an Austrian investigator who has recently published an account of his researches into the transplantation of living tissues. The subjects of his experiments were living insects—adults and grubs of water-beetles, water-boatmen, butterflies and meal-worms. With a pair of scissors he would remove the heads of two insects and at once proceed to exchange them, attaching the head of A to B's body. There was apparently no difficulty about this; no sutures or bandages of any sort were needed. The little drop of colourless blood exuding from the cut surfaces sufficed as a cement and held the head in position. In a week or two, recovery was complete, the power of co-ordinated movement and of feeding was restored; and even sexual congress took place.

There are some amazing statements here. We are gravely assured that these heads can be snipped off, and transferred to a new body, with no more trouble than is entailed in handling scissors and a pair of forceps. But in that snipping the nerve-cord, blood-vessels, trachea and muscles were all severed. Yet the cut surfaces, we have to suppose, fitted so exactly on to the stump of the body that the severed nerve and respiratory tissues and muscles could effect "water-tight" joints at once, and presently form homogeneous tissues.

But this is not all. We are told that the muscles thus treated were controlled by their new heads, not by their old bodies. And this not merely in matters

such as the choice of food, but also in regard to coloration. There is no mistaking the author's claims. Certain forms of colours and patterns, we are told, seem to be directed through the eye and brain. A *Dytiscus* beetle provided with the head of a *Hydrophilus*—an insect of a different genus—lost the yellow stripe and glossy brown surface of its species, and assumed the dull black coloration of *Hydrophilus*. We are prompted to ask, "Can the Ethiopian change his skin, and the leopard its spots?" Assuming the creature could look down its own back, or perhaps we should say its "adopted" back, and should dislike the median stripe, how could it possibly suppress the offending band by glances, be they never so withering!

A female *Hydrophilus* water-beetle, we are told, provided with a head of a male of its own species, courted normal females actively; a male given a female head retains the normal passive habit of females in the presence of the other sex.

If the behaviour of these insects in regard to sexual matters is correctly stated, assuming that there is a single word of truth in the whole story, it is incorrectly explained. It was neither a change of "head" nor a change of "heart" which these creatures had suffered; but a change in the source of their sense-perception, and in the consequent reactions thereto. For, as with the *Lepidoptera*, the males discover their potential mates by some extremely powerful, yet excessively delicate structures in the antenna, which detect odours emitted by the female so delicate as to be outside the range of human powers of smell.

The more we examine this amazing story, the more incredible it appears to be. We wonder, indeed, whether the author is not perpetrating some clumsy joke. The grafting of tissues from one part of the body to another, or from one individual to another, has long since passed the experimental stage. John Hunter demonstrated the possibility of grafting the spurs of cocks from the leg to the crown of the head. Here they continued to grow, but in an abnormal fashion, forming spirals or circles. Nevertheless, they remained healthy, living tissue.

W. P. PYCRAFT.

We all love Bond Street, and a perfume called after it will bring pleasant memories to friends at home and abroad. At Yardley's, celebrated for Old English Lavender Water, and for a number of beautiful scents, the extract, which is most seductive and fascinating, is found. The price is a guinea for a charming bottle in an elegant case; while there is a smaller size for 9s. 6d.

CARDS, CRACKERS, AND RAG-BOOKS.

CHRISTMAS cards for the use of the King and Queen, Queen Alexandra, the Prince of Wales, and Princess Mary Viscountess Lascelles have been produced, as in former years, by Messrs. Raphael Tuck and Sons, who are also permitted to issue replicas of the royal cards for the use of the public. The King's card has a picture of Edward I. opening the first Parliament in 1295; whilst the Queen's card shows Charles I. and his family at Hampton Court. Those of Queen Alexandra and Princess Mary have charming garden subjects, while that of the Prince of Wales has a scene from naval history—the first sailing of *The Sovereign of the Seas* in 1637. Messrs Raphael Tuck publish an immense variety of Christmas cards and other seasonal novelties, including calendars, auto-stationery, picture-postcards, and children's painting books.

Crackers are inseparable from Christmas, and the name of Tom Smith is inseparable from crackers. He seems to surpass himself every year, both in the quality and the quantity of his productions for the Christmas table. This season, the most imposing novelty is called "Crackers from Lapland," and consists of a figure of Father Christmas driving a reindeer sleigh loaded with crackers fore and aft. Other boxes of the large and luxurious type are the "Queen of Carnival," with a cover design of a dancing girl, with dice, cards, dominoes, and chessmen; "Christmas Guests," with coaching scenes, holly and mistletoe; and "Christmas Motoring." Besides these, there are many good boxes of medium size, such as the "Aeroplane" crackers, the "Jewel" crackers, "Cinema Stars," "Fancy Dress Ball," and the "Floral Midget," tiny but decorative. An excellent comic set is Tom Smith's "Noses." For the little folks, also, there are delightful stockings of transparent net, containing a picture-book and toys.

In the modern nursery the children count among their greatest treasures the Rag Books that do not tear, however hard they are pulled, and the dolls and animals which really look "alive," and whose flexible limbs can be twisted into all sorts of attitudes with impunity. Both these requirements are admirably met in the unique productions of Dean's Rag Book Company. Their chief novelty consists in the patent "Evripoze" dolls and animals, which possess the afore-mentioned attribute of flexibility. Messrs. Dean also make a large variety of realistic creatures in plush, as well as their "Tru-to-Life" rag dolls, picture-books, and other toys.

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Mrs. Prewitt, 65, College Street, Southampton, says:—"My little girl, Dorothy, had St. Vitus' Dance when she was five, a terrible attack. Her arms and legs would jerk about in all directions, and I daren't let her go out alone. Then she lost power couldn't even speak nor see and for a time didn't know anybody. She was helpless as a log, and I really thought she would never recover. However, gave her Dr. Cassell's Tablets, and the first box made a difference, so I continued giving them and gradually power returned. With four boxes she was cured and now, at seven years old, she is as well as a child could be."

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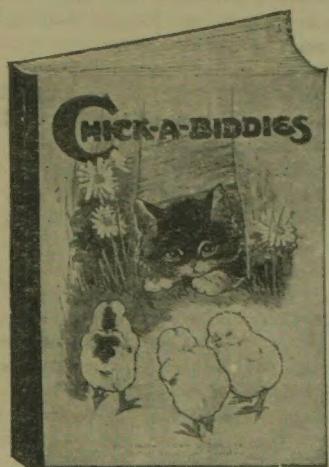
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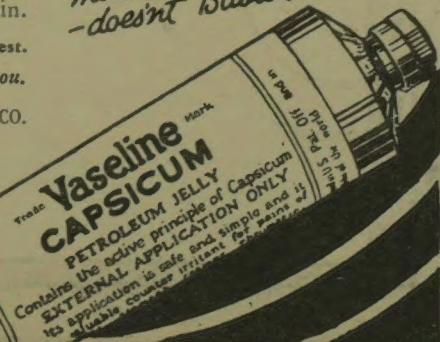
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